The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 1

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 8

THE READER—

Wagner, First and Last. By Dr. William Barry 13

The Theatre at Bayreuth. By Reginald R. Buckley ... 22

"The Bookman" Prize Competitions 28

Shelley's Poems. By Prof. George Saintsbury 31

Marcelle Tinayre. By Winifred Stephens 36

NEW BOOKS—

Marie Corelli's New Romance ... 41

"F. J. F." By William E. A. Axon 42

The Art of the North. By G. S. Layard 43

Margaret Harding. By Cranstoun Metcalfe 44

The Gaskell Collection at Manchester. By Mrs. Ellis Chadwick 45

"A Most Worthy Lady." By William Purvis 46

The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry. By W. L. Wilmshurst 47

In the Days of Joan of Arc. By F. Hamel 48

A Princess's Story 49

Confessions of a Vagabond ... 50

The Broad Way of Nature ... 51

Parisian Portraits 51

The Linleys of Bath. By Lewis Melville 52

Short Stories. By A. St. John Adcock 52

Secret Service and Open Vices. By Stanley Portal Hyatt... 53

Twelve Autumn Novels By L. Q. C. 55

Uruguay 56

New Poetry. By Edward Thomas 56

Mother Carey 57

A Pocketful of France. By Dixon Scott 58

NOVEL NOTES—

The Beacon—The Road to Avalon—Ladies whose Bright Eyes—The Lost Iphigenia—Queed—The Last Link—The Earthen Drum—The First Born—Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist—The Man with an Honest Face—A Weaver of Dreams—Hurdcott—The Legacy—Red Eve—The Red Lantern—The Claw ... 59-62

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

The Wonderful Weald—The Kent Coast—Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal—She of the Green Hair—The Last Episode of the French Revolution—Songs for Music 63-4

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 64

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 66

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The November Bookman will be a Benson Number, and will contain a special illustrated article on "The Three Bensons" by Dr. James Moffatt. Other important articles in this number will include "Poetry and Prose," by T. E. Page; "The French Ideal," by A. W. Evans; "Thomas Love Peacock," by E. Thomas; "Churton Collins," by W. H. Hudson, "Pitt," by T. Seccombe, etc.

The portrait of Wagner on our cover is from that painted by A. F. Pecht by the order of Ludwig II. of Bavaria, and now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Our presentation plate of Wagner is a reproduction of the portrait specially painted by A. C. Michael for the Wagner volume in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's "Days with the Great Composers" Series.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Richard Wagner.

The object of this booklet is to reveal the personality of Wagner in the most intimate way. Other volumes in the same series are Chopin, Gounod, Schubert, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn.

From Mr. Heinemann we are to have this autumn a continuation of Arthur Rackham's illustrations of Wagner's "Ring." The new volume will include "Siegfried" and "The Twilight of the Gods." We are indebted to Mr. Heinemann for permission to include among our Wagner illustrations three black-and-white reproductions of Mr. Rackham's colour plates from his last year's volume containing "The Rhinegold" and "The Valkyrie."

We reviewed Wagner's autobiography, "My Life" (Constable), in the July Bookman, and reproduce one of the portraits from these volumes by permission of Messrs. Constable and of Herr Bruckmann, of Munich.

One of the most valuable books on the life and work of Wagner is Houston Stewart Chamberlain's

"Richard Wagner," of which a translation by G. Ainslie Hight is published by Messrs. Dent, with whose permission we have reproduced two or three of the illustrations from that volume. Indispensable too, is the Life of Wagner by William Ashton Ellis, published in four volumes by Messrs Kegan Paul & Co. One of our portraits of Wagner is reproduced from the fourth volume of this work by courtesy of Mr. Ellis.

There is an admirable volume on Wagner, by Ernest Newman, in the "Music of the Masters" series that Mr. John Lane publishes. Books on Beethoven, Brahms, Bach, Tchaikovski, are included in the same series. Our portrait of Tchaikovski is reproduced, with Mr. Lane's permission, from the Life of Tchaikovski written by his brother and edited and abridged by Rosa Newmarch, and also published from the Bodley Head.

Several books about Wagner, such as "The Christianity of Parsifal" and "The Ring viewed as Philosophy," are published by Messrs. Grevel. "Nietzsche contra Wagner" is published by Mr. Foulis; Bernard Shaw's "Perfect Wagnerite" by Messrs. Constable; and "The Wagner Dramas," in three volumes, by Messrs. Methuen.

Photo by Foster, Brighton. **Mr. William Ashton Ellis.**

Author of "The Life of Wagner" (Kegan Paul & Co.), and translator of "Wagner's Family Letters (Macmillan), reviewed on page 13.

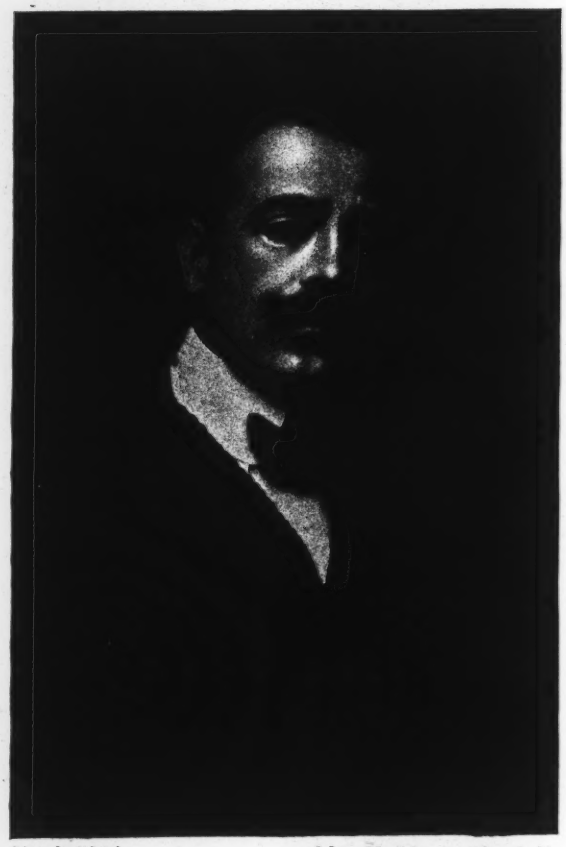


Photo by Histed. **Mr. Haldane Macfall.**

But there is already more Wagner literature than we can give any adequate list of here, and it it rapidly increasing. Mr. Elkin Mathews publishes the late Vernon Blackburn's excellent travelling record of German operatic art, "Bayreuth and Munich." In "The Wagner Stories" (Grant Richards), Mr. Filson Young has set himself to do for the operas of Wagner what Lamb in his Tales did for the plays of Shakespeare, and the book is now in its sixth edition. Mr. Cuthbert Hadden includes the stories of several of the operas in the series ("The Great Operas") that he has written for Messrs. Jack, with whose permission we reproduce in black and white one of Mr. Byam Shaw's colour pictures from "Tannhäuser." Mr. T. W. Rolleston has told the legend of "Tannhäuser" in verse, and as we mentioned last month, Messrs. Harrap are publishing the book this autumn with illustrations in colour and in black and white by Mr. Willy Pogány, and by the kindness of the artist and publishers we are able to reproduce two of Mr. Pogány's pictures.

Mr. Haldane Macfall's monumental "History of Painting" (T. C. & E. C. Jack) is nearing completion. We review the two latest volumes of it on another page. He has completed a new book,

on the relation of Art to Life, the first in a "trilogy of life," that is to be published this autumn.

Mr. Macfall came to Art by way of the Army, and is one of the most militant of our art critics. He started a military career as a subaltern in the West India Regiment, and whilst he was out in the tropics on duty busied himself in writing impressions of the life there and in making humorous sketches for the *Graphic*. But the fateful "Yellow Jack" laid him low on the old Robelle river above Sierra Leone and ended his career as a soldier. Thereafter he devoted himself to art and literature, and in 1898 Mr. Grant Richards published his first novel, "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer" It was an impression of the negro genius, and Mr. Macfall wrote it, he says, "as my first effort in that orchestration of words whereby I hold that each mood and scene in a book, as a work of art, should be expressed so that each such mood is reproduced in the reader by a craft of words fitting to that mood, that every chapter—indeed every change of impression in the chapter—should be wrought in a key fitting to that impression. The masters of literature by instinct or by deliberate intent have always so wrought." He once put his views on the novelist's art to Meredith, who warmly endorsed them but, curiously enough, held that dialogue in the novel had very little artistic force, that the art of the book owed little to it.

A second novel of Mr. Haldane Macfall's, "The Masterfolk," was published by Mr. Heinemann in 1903; and among his later work have been books on "Whistler and Irving," and on "Ibsen." Meanwhile Mr. Macfall had been turning more and more to the study of the painter's art, and he was not long in realising that art-criticism had lost itself in a wilderness of its own making. "In painting, in particular," he says, "I found that criticism was a serious and solemn falsity—literary criticism is much better, but still too often academic. There is a vast mass of criticism on the painting of the Old Masters, but it is merely based on traditions, on all sorts of laws and rules that have little or nothing to do with art, and is in the main a monument of intellectual snobbery. About the time I first arrived at that conclusion, *St. Paul's* was founded,

Mrs. St. Leger Harrison (Lucas Malet),
Whose new novel, "Adrian Savage," will be published this month by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Robert Louis Stevenson dictating his last book, "Weir of Hermiston," to Mrs. Strong in his study at Vailima.
From a photograph believed to have been hitherto unpublished.

and I was offered the office of art critic, and took advantage of the offer to give publicity to the result of my researches into the art of the painter and the art of the painter's critic." These results, fully matured and in more expanded form, now find adequate utterance in the large, eight-volume "History of Painting," in which Mr. Macfall applies them to the whole field of artistic achievement in colour, from the time of the Greeks until to-day. In these beautifully illustrated volumes each school of art, he contends, brings its irresistible witness against the tradition-bound academic art critics and in support of the more rational, human, imaginative views that he has made his own. "I hope," says Mr. Macfall, "that the 'History of Painting,' by ridding art of cant, above all by ridding modern endeavour of the spectacles of the Old Masters, may not only help the student to utter the song that is in him, but may induce the ordinary man to go to works of art with confidence and without reference to merely bookish theories."

Mrs. Isobel Strong, the step-daughter of R.L.S., has written a book on Stevenson for Messrs. Cassell's "Little Books on Great Writers" series. Mrs. Strong was Stevenson's amanuensis during the last four years of his life, and wrote the unfinished "St. Ives" and "Weir of Hermiston" from his dictation as well as most of the later letters that are now included in the "Life and Letters." Among Mrs. Strong's most treasured possessions is a set of the Edinburgh Edition of Stevenson's complete works, a present from him which he had specially bound for her. On the fly-leaf of each volume is the inscription:

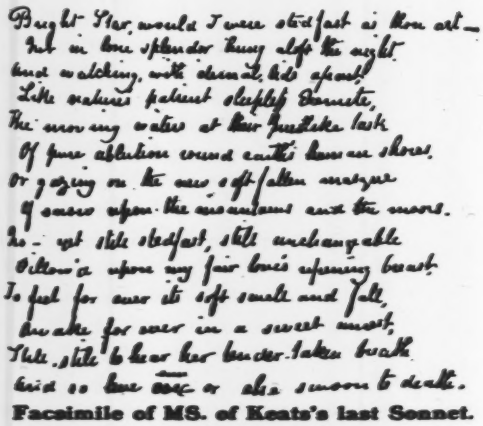
To Isobel Strong,
My Amanuensis.
Filiæ amiæ gratæque.

Messrs. Longmans publish this month a further collection of the Essays of the late Professor William James.

Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell is writing his reminiscences, and Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. hope to publish them next year. In the meantime, they are issuing Dr. Grenfell's new volume of travel, "Down North on the Labrador."

The same firm announce "Facing the Facts," a book written by various contributors, including the Bishop of Hull, Dr. Inge of St. Paul's, Professor Johnston Ross, and Lord William Gascoyne Cecil; it deals with the relations between English Society and Religion, and not only covers all sections of society in England, but has special chapters on Scotland, Ireland, and America.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's Egyptian memoirs, "Gordon at Khartoum," will be ready this month. Their particular purpose is to answer Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt," in so far as it concerned itself with the Gordon question. The book will be published by Messrs. Stephen Swift & Co.



Facsimile of MS. of Keats's last Sonnet.

The original is in the Sir Charles Dilke collection of Keats relics now in the Hampstead Library.

Mr. William E. Doubleday, Chief Librarian of the Hampstead Central Library, has written an admirable Handbook to the very interesting collection of Keats relics that have now been placed on exhibition at the Hampstead Library in Finchley Road. The collection was bequeathed to the Library by the late Sir Charles Dilke in memory of Keats and of the poet's friend Charles Wentworth Dilke, Sir Charles's grandfather. "By 1816 Mr. Dilke had married and built for himself a residence in Hampstead," writes Mr. Doubleday, "Charles Armitage Brown, another friend of Keats, building the other half of the little block forming one house, long known as Wentworth Place, but now called Lawn Bank, in the road formerly named John Street, and now renamed Keats Grove. 'I am a good deal with Dilke and Brown,' writes Keats on February 21, 1818; 'we are very thick; they are very kind to me: I don't think I could stop in Hampstead but for their neighbourhood.' It was because of this affectionate friendship that the late baronet so sedulously collected these objects and bequeathed them as a joint memorial to Hampstead."

Mr. Doubleday gives a good and succinct account of Keats's life and work in Hampstead, which he illustrates with portraits and sketches. The relics

Mr. Coulson Kernahan.

in the exhibition include books that belonged to Keats, several of them containing his marks and annotations; a lock of the poet's hair, and a number of letters from and to him, including the famous letter from his publishers, the Olliers, to his brother George Keats, gladly relinquishing their rights in "Endymion," and angrily mentioning that many of their customers were so dissatisfied with the book that they had offered to take it back from them "rather than be annoyed by the ridicule which has time after time been poured upon it," and that "only last Saturday night" one gentleman had told them that the poem was "no better than a take-in." On October 2, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll will take the chair at a lecture on Keats by Mr. Buxton Forman at the Hampstead Central Library, when Mr. Forman will make special reference to the collection of Keats relics, in the arrangement and cataloguing of which he has taken great interest.

Perhaps no living writer has founded a wide popularity on such slender material as Mr. Coulson Kernahan; slender, that is, if one takes the material substance of his books only. "God and the Ant," which ran to no more than about 6,000 words, circulated literally by the million, and has been translated into some fifteen languages, including Chinese, to say nothing of Esperanto and Braille type for the blind. "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil," though also only about 6,000 words in length, brought its author, up to the time when he parted with his copyright, no less than £600, which works out at the handsome rate of £100 per thousand words. Mr. Kernahan's first book, "A Dead Man's Diary," published anonymously, had an enormous vogue here and in America; his critical articles, reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly*, and other periodicals, had large sales; and his sensational novels found a very wide public; but it is by his religious booklets that he is best known. With the publication of "God and the Ant," some seventeen years ago, he opened up a new literary vein, and with "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil," "The Face Beyond the Door," "A World Without a Child," "The Duel," and now with "The Man of No Sorrows," which Messrs. Cassell are publishing, he has proved that it is a rich and continuing lode. This new dream-story is in three scenes, the first of which is laid in the London and the last in the Jerusalem of to-day, or rather of some few years hence. Curiously enough Mr. Kernahan seems to have anticipated Mrs. Annie Besant in his choice of a subject. She recently predicted the coming of a Great World-Teacher, and Mr. Kernahan's new book, which was in the hands of his publishers before that prediction was made known, shows the advent of a Prophet who preaches the gospel of No Sorrow and seeks to supplant the teaching of Christ.

Photo by E. C. Porter.

Mr. W. H. Koebel,

Whose "Uruguay" (Unwin) is reviewed on page 56, and whose humorous novel, "Hodson's Voyage," has just been published by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Mrs. George Cran,

A new edition of whose successful book, "A Woman in Canada," has just been published by Mr. Hann-Smith.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing a book of peculiar interest that has been written by Mr. Stephen Reynolds and the two fishermen partners with whom he lives and works at Sidmouth. It is to be called "Seems So! A Working-class View of Politics," and is a perfectly genuine collaboration, Mr. Reynolds's share in the work being simply that of one out of three collaborators and secretary to the other two. The volume will be illustrated with photographs.

Mr. Gordon Craig's book on "The Art of the Theatre," will be published this month by Mr. Heinemann. This is the only subject on which Mr. Craig nowadays employs his pen; he has written a great deal about it since 1900, and has much yet to say concerning it. He has in contemplation a second book on "Stage Scenery" and a large book on "Hamlet," both of which are to be fully illustrated.

XUM

Mr. Richard Davey's new book, "The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey and their Wicked Grandfather" (Chapman & Hall), is a sort of pendant to his life of Lady Jane Grey, "The Nine Days Queen," which was published by Messrs. Methuen in 1909. Mr. Davey, who was born in 1848, is the son of a well-known London medical man, Mr. Robert Davey, who married rather late in life one of the daughters of Patrick Boyle, one-time private secretary to the famous Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire. For many years Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davey lived at the corner of Keppel Street and Russell Square, and their house was frequented by early Victorian literary celebrities, including Dickens, G. P. R. James, and Harrison Ainsworth. Although he was at that time a child, Mr. Davey recollects conversations he overheard between his father and Dickens. "I remember," he says, "sitting on Dickens's knee on the day his father had died, and beholding with childlike surprise and interest the tears rolling down the great author's cheeks as he described to my parents the last moments of his father's life." For long past Mr. Davey has been a prominent figure in English and American literary and artistic circles, and there are few latter-day men and women of note whom he has not known. Just before the Hundred Days, his mother, then a very young lady, was at a ball with the great Napoleon, and danced in the next set to him in a quadrille; he heard from her many anecdotes

Photo by H. Walter Barnett.
Mr. Richard Davey.

concerning celebrities of the first half of last century and has known people who had memories of the French Revolution. One of his mother's sisters married, when she was barely twenty, John Thelwall, who was fifty, and who had been tried for high treason, with Horne Tooke and Hardy, and came near losing his head. There are probably few now living who can say they had an uncle imprisoned in the Tower in 1795. Mr. Davey has been asked to write his memoirs, but has always refused because he does not care to write or to read only the good about his neighbours; and when he does write them, as he almost certainly will, he intends to provide that they shall not be published till some half-century after his death, when the immediate descendants of those he mentions will also be beyond reach of annoyance.

Photo by Harry H. Phillips, Leek. **Mr. Kineton Parkes,**
Whose new novel, "The Altar of Moloch," will be published by Messrs. Ouseley this month.

Beginning his career as a journalist in America in 1871, Mr. Davey became within a year literary and dramatic editor of the New York *Spirit of the Times*, a position which he retained until 1880, when an illness forced him to return to England, where he presently joined the staff of the *Morning Post*, only severing his connection with it on the death of Lord Glenesk. Meanwhile, however, he became more or less of a free-lance, contributing to many periodicals, and for six months in 1894 representing the *Times*

as temporary correspondent in Constantinople. Returning again to London he published with Messrs. Chapman & Hall "The Sultan and his Subjects," of which Messrs. Chatto & Windus issued a new edition in 1907. Other of Mr. Davey's books are "The Pageant of London" and "The Tower of London," both published by Messrs. Methuen. Nowadays, since his marriage with Miss Eleanor Denman, a granddaughter of the famous Lord Chief Justice and aunt of the present Governor-General of Australia, Mr. Davey lives in the magnificent old Palazzo Vendramin at Venice, one of his rooms being the apartment in which Wagner revised "Parsifal," and where he died on February 13, 1883.

Few writers know London of the past more intimately, and none write of it more glamorously, than Mr. Wilfrid Whitten. The "London Stories" that Messrs. Jack are issuing under his editorship is a book that is sure of a wide popularity. It gathers up true stories of the lives, habits, eccentricities, follies and adventures of London men and women in many ages, and is to be completed in twenty sixpenny fortnightly parts, the first of which, with a large folding picture—"A Pageant of London Characters" by George Morrow—will be ready this month.

Messrs. Hutchinson are including in their seven-

Mr. Harold Vallings,
Whose new novel, "Enter Charmian" (Smith, Elder), was reviewed in last month's Bookman.

From a miniature by Mutura.
Marcelle Tinayre,
Whose work is the subject of Miss Winifred Stephens's article on page 36.

penny series "The Gambler," by Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston, news of whose early death was received last month with very widespread regret.

The fifty new volumes in Dent's famous Everyman's Library include some of the most desirable books that have yet been published in this wholly desirable series, such as Bagehot's "Literary Studies," in two volumes; Mommsen's "Rome," in four; Rousseau's "Emile"; George's "Progress and Poverty"; a Life of Shakespeare, with a criticism of each play, by Oliphant Smeaton; a Literary and Historical Atlas of America; and a further good selection of works of science, books for young people, and fiction.

Messrs. Cassell are issuing a new series of shilling reprints that they are calling "Everybody's Books," the first ten volumes, now ready, including Talfourd's Life of Lamb, Galt's Life of Byron, Sir Edward Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," Guizot's "History of Civilisation," Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." The books are clearly printed on good paper and strongly and artistically bound.

Nature students will be glad to hear that Messrs. Longmans are reissuing their popular series, "The Outdoor World Library," with all the original coloured and black-and-white illustrations, in three-and-sixpenny volumes.

Close on the heels of Canon Horsley's retirement from his great work in London, Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. publish his reminiscences, under the title of "I Remember."

XUM

Portrait by Miss Dorothy Hickling. **Mrs. Gladys Mendl,**

Author of "The Roundabout," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are just publishing.

Messrs. Simkpin Marshall are issuing this month "A Little Book of Effort," prepared by Frederick J. Cross, the object of the compilation being "the strengthening of character and the record of achievement."

The same firm are also publishing a book on "Married Life," by Mr. J. W. C. Haldane. Mr. Haldane is a civil engineer, and his books on "Life as an Engineer" and "3,800 Miles Across Canada" have been very successful. He has been happy in his own married life, and in his new book sets himself to disclose the secret of his happiness.

For permission to reproduce Mr. T. Sturge Moore's drawing of "Siegfried cutting off Brünnhilde's mail-corselet," we are indebted to the courtesy of the artist. It is one of a set of six woodcuts, illustrating scenes from "Siegfried," that may be seen at Messrs. Olbach & Co's., 168, New Bond Street, W.

Most of our Wagner illustrations have been supplied to us by Mr. A. Rischgitz and the Art Illustration and Reproduction Company. For much assistance with the general illustrations in this number we are indebted to Mr. Frowde, Messrs. Rebman, Chapman & Hall, Stanley Paul & Co., Mills & Boon, Cassell, Hutchinson, Mr. Ham-Smith, Mr. Elliot Stock, Mr. Eveleigh Nash, and Mr. Fisher Unwin.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

October 1 to November 1, 1911.

Messrs. George Allen & Co., Ltd.

ABEKEN, DR.—Bismarck's Pen. Translated by Mrs. Barrett-Lennard. 15s. net.
AUDSLEY, DR.—Decorative Turning. Artistic Stencilling. 4s. 6d. net each.
BEVAN, REV. J. O.—Wooed and Wedded. Paper covers, 1s.
BLAKEMORE, TREVOR.—The Art of Herbert Schmalz. £2 2s. net.
DITCHFIELD, REV. P. H.—History of the Counties of England. 21s. net.
DITCHFIELD, REV. P. H.—Memorials of Old Gloucestershire. 15s. net.
JEYES, S. H.—The Life of Sir C. E. Howard Vincent. 15s. net.
JEYES, S. H.—Memoirs of the Russells of Birmingham. 12s. 6d. net.
MACLAREN, SHAW.—Dido: Her Visit to the Departmental Stores at Bagdad. 5s. net.
MAETERLINCK, MAURICE.—The Life of the Bee. Illustrated. 21s. net.
ROBERTS, ETHEL.—Famous Chemists.

Messrs. Appleton & Co.

CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.—The Common Law. With nearly 60 Illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. 6s.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

BRADY E. J.—The King's Caravan: Across Australia in a Waggon. With Illustrations and a Map. 12s. 6d. net.
BRODE, DR. H.—British and German East Africa: Their Economic and Commercial Relations. With a Map. 7s. 6d. net.
CHILDERS, ERSKINE.—The Common Sense of Home Rule. 10s. 6d. net.
CROSTHWAITE, SIR CHARLES, K.C.S.I., Chief Commissioner of Burma, 1887-1890, Member of the Council of India, etc.—The Pacification of Burma. With Maps and Illustrations. 16s. net.
EARDLEY-WILMOT, S.—The Life of a Tiger. With nearly 150 Original Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
GOULDSBURY, CULLEN, and HERBERT SHEANE.—The Great Plateau of Northern Rhodesia. With 40 pages of Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net.
HANDLEY, MRS. M. A.—Roughing it in Southern India. With Numerous Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.
JONES, OWEN.—The Sport of Shooting. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.
LEACH, DR. CHARLES, M.P.—The Romance of the Holy Land. With Numerous Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
LOWTHER, COL. H. C., D.S.O., M.V.O., Scots Guards.—From Pillar to Post. With Illustrations. 15s. net.
MARTIN, PERCY F.—Peru of the Twentieth Century. With 32 pages of Illustrations and a Map. 15s. net.
MARTIN, PERCY F.—Salvador of the Twentieth Century. With 32 pages of Illustrations and a Map. 15s. net.
MEYSEY-THOMPSON, COL. R. F.—The Horse: Its Origin and Development, combined with Stable Practice. With Illustrations. 15s. net.
PEARSON, NORMAN.—Society Sketches in the Eighteenth Century. With Photogravure Portraits. 12s. 6d. net.
RAGG, CANON LONSDALE.—A Memoir of the Very Rev. Edward Charles Wickham, Dean of Lincoln, and formerly Head Master of Wellington College. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
REES, SIR JOHN D., K.C.I.E.—Pros and Cons of Political Problems. 7s. 6d. net.
ROBINSON, MRS. A.—The Graven Palm: A Manual of the Science of Palmistry. With about 250 Original Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.
ROBY, MARGUERITE.—My Adventures in the Congo. With Numerous Illustrations and a Map. 12s. 6d. net.
SHAREEFA OF WAZAN, EMILY.—The Story of My Life. With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.
SKOTTSBERG, CARL, D.Sc., etc.—The Wilds of Patagonia: A Narrative of the Swedish Expedition to Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego, and the Falkland Islands in 1907-9. With Illustrations and Maps. 15s. net.
Memoirs and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier, G.C.B., from 1826 to 1876. Edited by His Daughter, Mrs. Rosslyn Wemyss. With Portraits. 2 Vols. 32s. net.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

DINGLE, EDWIN J.—Across China on Foot: Life in the Interior, and the Reform Movement. With over 100 Illustrations reproduced from photos taken by author. 16s. net.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

MITCHELL, C. F.—Building Construction. Part I. Elementary Course. 8th Edition. 3s.
WARD, W. H., M.A.—The Architecture of the Renaissance in France: A History of the Evolution of the Arts of Building, Decoration, and Garden Design under Classical Influence from 1495 to 1830. 2 Vols. 30s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

ANDERSON, ROBERT.—Deeside. With 20 Full-page Illustrations in Colour by William Smith, Jun., and a Sketch-map. 7s. 6d. net.
ASHDOWN, CHARLES H., F.R.G.S.—British Castles. With 32 Full-page Illustrations in Colour and many Diagrams in the text. 7s. 6d. net.
CHILD, H. H. (Translated by).—Aucassin and Nicolete. With 6 Illustrations in Colour by Miss A. Anderson. 7s. 6d. net.
DU CANE, FLORENCE.—The Canary Islands. With 20 Full-page Illustrations in Colour by Ella Du Cane. 7s. 6d. net.
ELIAS, FRANK.—The First Voyages of Glorious Memory: Retold from Hakluyt. With 8 Full-page Illustrations in Colour by Norman Wilkinson, R.B.A., R.I. 3s. 6d.
FOORD, EDWARD.—The Byzantine Empire: The Rearguard of European Civilisation. With 7 Sketch Maps and 32 Full-page Illustrations from Photographs. 7s. 6d. net.
MACMUNN, MAJOR G. F., D.S.O.—Armies of India. With 70 Illustrations in Colour by Major A. C. Lovett. Cloth, gilt top, 20s. net; Edition de Luxe, limited to 500 signed and numbered copies, printed on hand-made paper, £2 2s. net.
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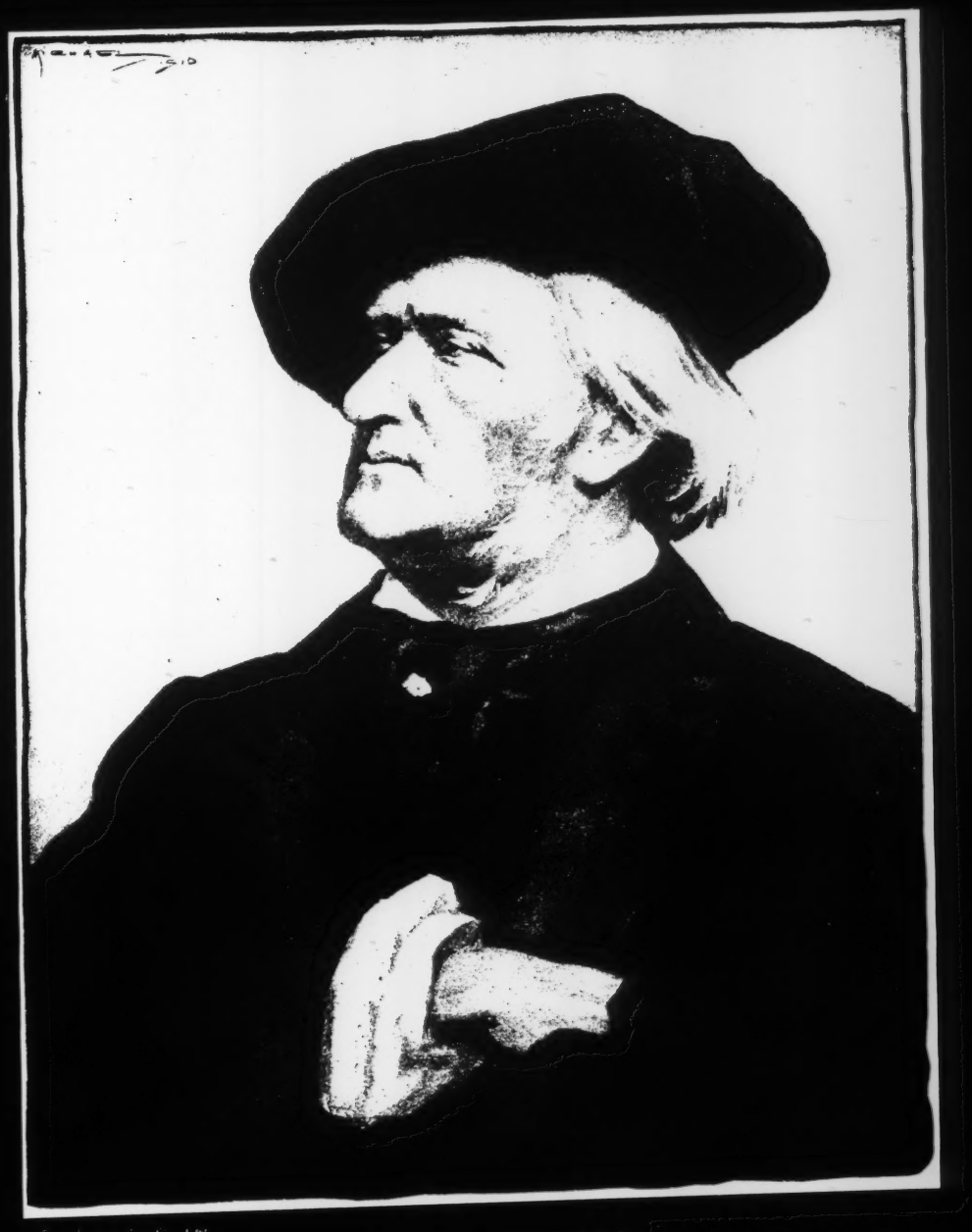


RICHARD WAGNER

XUM

THE READER.

WAGNER, FIRST AND LAST.

By Dr. William Barry.

ALMOST at the same instant I receive two books,* one English of a sort, the other German in make and language, that will furnish me with an apology for dwelling a second time in these columns on Richard Wagner. They show us the poet and musician, the dramatist, essayist, reformer, traveller, under violent contrasts, but always a figure of romance, never false to himself, profoundly touching in the dark and light of his chequered existence. Wagner has often been compared, for praise or censure, with Victor Hugo, not without some spice of reason. They are the two most effective scene-painters of their time, perhaps unrivalled in their management of stage accessories: Hugo in words, Wagner in the properties themselves. They are much else, I grant, but no judgment will deny them this—the power to cast outside them into verse, colours, attitudes, and moving pictures their visions beheld with "that inward eye, which makes the bliss of solitude." For visionaries they both were, dreamers of dreams which they compel us to see as they saw them. But now mark the difference. We admire Hugo, but how rarely do we feel for him! He has a grand gift of pathos—"Lord of human tears," said Tennyson—but the tears are not shed on his account, not though in his life were tragic circumstances. It is quite another mood that Wagner the dramatist of Bayreuth calls up in those that know of him—the pity and love which great undeserved suffering claims, and which his enemies could not refuse. Even that mocking Nietzsche, who turned and rent his master, has a tremor in the throat while he laughs. He too remembers what years of anguish borne with a sensitive pride have gone to the creation of those "little jewels" of song and subtle enchantments which fascinate and exasperate him at the same time. Such is the quality of Wagner's life—a strange martyrdom for the sake of art and his fellow men. He speaks to us out of the flame in which he is burning to death—we cannot answer him scornfully.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Richard Wagner.**

Contrasts, I said, mark the two volumes lying before me. The musician's letters given by Mr. Ellis extend from 1832 to 1874, but only a small number date from beyond 1864, when Ludwig of Bavaria took up Wagner as his ideal friend. They are the letters of a struggling, afflicted artist, not yet understood, unhappily wedded, always in want of money, in exile at Paris or in Switzerland, liable at any moment to ruin. Yet the cheery spirit breaks out; there is no surrender to duns or distress or sickness or to Job's wife, the well-meaning, dull-minded Minna, towards whom Wagner behaved with a right and tender chivalry. Since he was a German, writing to kinsfolk, he melted into emotions that English reserve will not like and fell into grotesque sentimental postures provoking a smile in the reader—but what is any reader not of the household doing here? I cannot help thinking that when we recover the sense of sacredness at present nearly extinct among a people given over to journalism, letters so intimate will not be scattered about the bookstalls, but will remain in manuscript or be kept for private circulation. As regards the English rendering, I am not one of those critics who take pleasure in saying unkind things; and I feel how genuine is the devotion to Wagner which has prompted the translator's pen. But I could wish that he had borne in mind the distinction between a playful yet not vulgar style and the indiscriminate slang, most unpleasant as coming from a man of genius, into which he has thought fit to cast the original. Wagner did not write like an illiterate apprentice who borrows his expressions from the cheap Sunday newspaper, alternately stilted and savouring of the music-hall. I am tempted to give examples; but I refrain, and will only say that I regret the manner in which a characteristic volume of this great man's correspondence has been brought before the English public.

Now let us turn to Herr Glasenapp for the other point of contrast. He dates the sixth and last book of his monumental biography from Riga, May 22, 1911. In the preface which serves as an epilogue we are told that the author began to collect

* "Das Leben Richard Wagners." Von C. F. Glasenapp. VI. Band (1877-1883). (Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel).—"R. Wagner's Family Letters." Translated by W. Ashton Ellis. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The House in Leipzig in which Wagner was born.
From Chamberlain's "Life of Wagner." (Dent.)

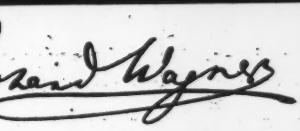
materials for a Life of Wagner so far back as 1865, not suspecting that the composer was already drawing up in his Diaries and Letters the ground-plan of that remarkable self-portraiture at length made known to the reading world. And it is certain that "Mein Leben," even if in various details to be corrected, will remain as the source and standard of every account from henceforth dealing with its author. Herr Glasenapp does not complain, although by such an afterstroke as from a dead man's hand his first three volumes have been antiquated. He can still win renown by the second three, covering just upon 1,700 large octavo pages, wherein he depicts the twenty years from 1864 to 1883 and tells the story of Bayreuth. It is seventeen years since the first volume came into my hands, so that I had given up the expectation of seeing this work finished. And we may ask whether it is finished yet, for the biographer is himself aware that, in its present form, it is rather a library than a book. With German love of detail, a Chinese perspective, and a style that neither flags nor quickens its pace, how could so vast a biography live? It can be read, as we read the *Daily Telegraph*, as journalism, and most of it be forgotten the next morning. But of a classic we require concentration, focus, choice of significant particulars, definite effects, light and shade. (While I write these lines, a band in the public gardens opposite is playing the overture to "Tannhäuser," and I must needs listen. Is not this fame, to be the amuse-

The Plaque by the Famous German Sculptor, Schultzer Thewis,
Which has been placed on the façade of Wagner's birthplace.

Ludwig Geyer (Wagner's Stepfather).
From a portrait painted by himself. He had been a friend of Wagner's father, on whose advice he became an actor, and it was largely under his influence that Richard Wagner's passion for the art of the stage was developed.

ment of a summer watering-place; music under the clear sky, amid trees, where children are flitting to and fro in the sunshine?) Thus, then, Herr Glasenapp, contemplating his thousands of pages, hopes to bring them down, as I understand him, to a quintessence that shall be all life and glow, Wagner distilled into some magic goblet, sparkling with heavenly fire. He deserves that reward for the years he has spent on a work to which I can recall none similar.

At any rate, he has gathered materials, from gold to hay and stubble, for the complete Life; and we cannot find them elsewhere, once Wagner himself has fallen silent. Those twenty years, beginning with King Ludwig II., ending with "Parsifal" and the last days at Venice, form a tragical romance, rounded into a ring, where the poet stands in a blaze of glory before the



From "Life of Richard Wagner," by William Ashton Ellis. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

Photo by Jos. Albert, Kunstverlag in München.

King Ludwig II. of Bavaria,
Whose munificence enabled Wagner to build his "ideal popular theatre" at Bayreuth.
"Under the protection of his august friend the exiled artist was to enjoy the happiest, most peaceful years of his life."—*Chamberlain's "Richard Wagner."* (Dent.)

curtain falls. Of all I have seen in Herr Glasenapp I like best the tale of perfect friendship and loyal recognition between King and artist, each a solitary sufferer, drawn to the heights by love of things beautiful, not made for this world, for a *kleinstädtisch* Court of Munich, but surely for each other. The King—if in his early time he must be called mad, what a rare madness took hold of him! "Keen and soaring as an eagle, pure as a lily," said one of his father's old politicians. We can fancy an order of things yet to be in which the enthusiasm of Ludwig and the creative genius of Wagner should find themselves at home, not exceptions or abnormal, and not avenues to the house of delusions. Here and in other debatable situations, Glasenapp moves timidly, without venturing on bold judgments of his own or giving the full narrative. But he gives enough of the Bavarian episode to stir our hearts; and his evidence will set right the malicious gossip that to this day charges Wagner with extravagance, laying upon his shoulders faults that King Ludwig, in his grandiose dreams, would have committed though the composer had never come to Starnberg. It was not Wagner who designed the wonder-palaces on lonely sites where the royal recluse hid away from his subjects. During the brief and trying months of his sojourn at Munich, no less than afterwards, the great dramatist was simple, sincere, and heroic. Perhaps he never underwent such bitter humiliation, with Ludwig for its unwilling agent, as from these court Philistines and intriguers; but he did not charge it on the King.

Bridge over the Ornamental Water near the Hanover Gate of Regent's Park.
In 1855, when Wagner was conducting the Philharmonic Concerts in London, he lived at 22, Portland Terrace, and was seen on the bridge here every day feeding the ducks with French rolls.

Richard and Cosima Wagner.
From Houston Stewart Chamberlain's "Richard Wagner." Translated from the German by G. Ainslie Hight. (Dent.)

We feel for them both, as we should feel for children in some heart-rending story of helpless innocence. We are glad that Wagner had passed away before the catastrophe of June 13, 1886. The Lake of Starnberg with its shining waters, among the Bavarian hills, remains for ever dedicated to those sad and strange memories, woven into a romance, medieval-modern, such as Uhland would have loved and thrown into fantastic moving rhymes. I cannot forbear adding one more allusion to it. In May, 1864, after his welcome to Wagner, King Ludwig travelled to Kissingen, and there met the Emperor and Empress of Austria, and Alexander II. of Russia. A seer endowed with second sight would have shuddered in the company of these four royal persons; one of whom was to commit suicide, another to be blown to pieces by nitro-glycerine from the hand of a nihilist, and the third, unhappy lady, to be assassinated in the streets of Geneva, after losing her son Rudolph in the mysterious tragedy of Mayerling.

Among these shadows Wagner might have spent his remaining days, had he cared ignobly to serve political interests, to be bought and sold, as his enemies declared that he was, for schemes of which he hardly knew the name. But all he set his heart upon was to see his dramas executed in a manner worthy of them, to love and be loved, to help forward in whatever mistaken ways the happiness of mankind. It is not to be imagined that, because I own his greatness and look upon him as a hero, I consider his principles beyond criticism or his opinions always justified. That is not my view. But who that has come to know the man's history can fail to reckon him amongst the world-forces of the nineteenth century? Who can question his purity of motive, his fellow-feeling with all that suffer wrong, his yearning after social righteousness? And all this, the frivolous will ask, in a composer of operas? Even so, my light-minded friend. The splendid thing about Wagner is that he was first a man, then what you please, stage-manager, scene-decorator, inventor of infinite recitative, and bringer on the scene of absurd dragons. Great he was by the heart; and therefore his "Parsifal" is a triumph. He left Munich sadly anxious for the King who was to go lonely and friendless to his death in the Starnberg waters. He found a home at Triebschen; he created Bayreuth, which, hitherto an unimportant town in German geography, became an idea; he discovered happiness. I am not to pass my severe Catholic sentence on this part of his career; Wagner was not, and never had been, a Catholic. I see that, by self-denial, he might have proved incomparably greater than he was;

Tchaikovski, 1840—1893.
Wagner's great contemporary Russian composer.
From "The Life of Peter Ilich Tchaikovski." By his brother, Modeste Tchaikovski. Edited and abridged from the Russian and Servian editions by Rosa Newmarch. (John Lane.)

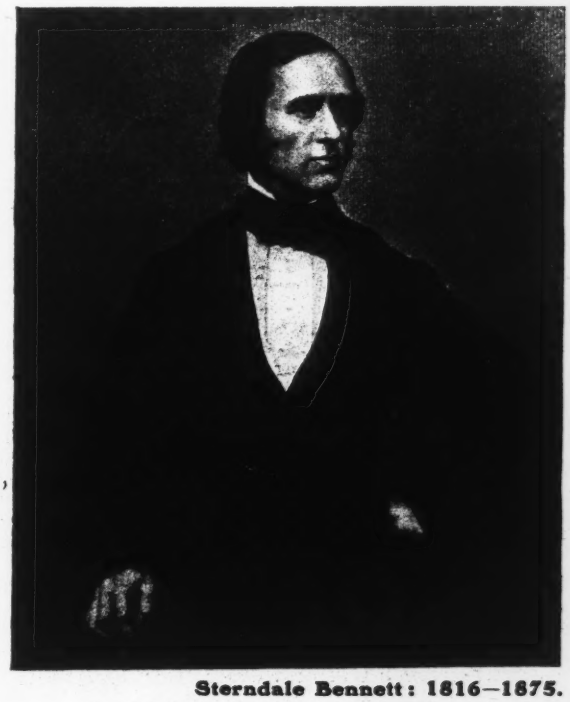
Liszt: 1811—1886.

The Hungarian composer and pianist, whose daughter, Cosima, was Wagner's second wife. Wagner describes his friendship with Liszt as "the most important event of my life."

Chopin: 1809—1849.

From a drawing by Winterhalter.

The famous Polish composer, who spent his life in Paris. As a pianist he had no rival but Liszt.



Sterndale Bennett: 1816—1875.

One of the greatest of British musical composers.

Balfe: 1808—1870.

The Irish composer, whose "Bohemian Girl" was produced in 1843, a few months after the first performance of Wagner's "Rienzi."

FOUR OF WAGNER'S CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS.

Beethoven, Weber, and Schubert died during Wagner's boyhood, and Mendelssohn shortly after the first performance of "Tannhäuser." Other of Wagner's contemporaries were Gounod, Auber, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Brahms, Grieg, Spohr, Rossini, Offenbach, Verdi, and Dvorák, whose "Stabat Mater" was produced in 1883, the year of Wagner's death.

Cosima Wagner, the Widow of the Composer.
An early portrait.

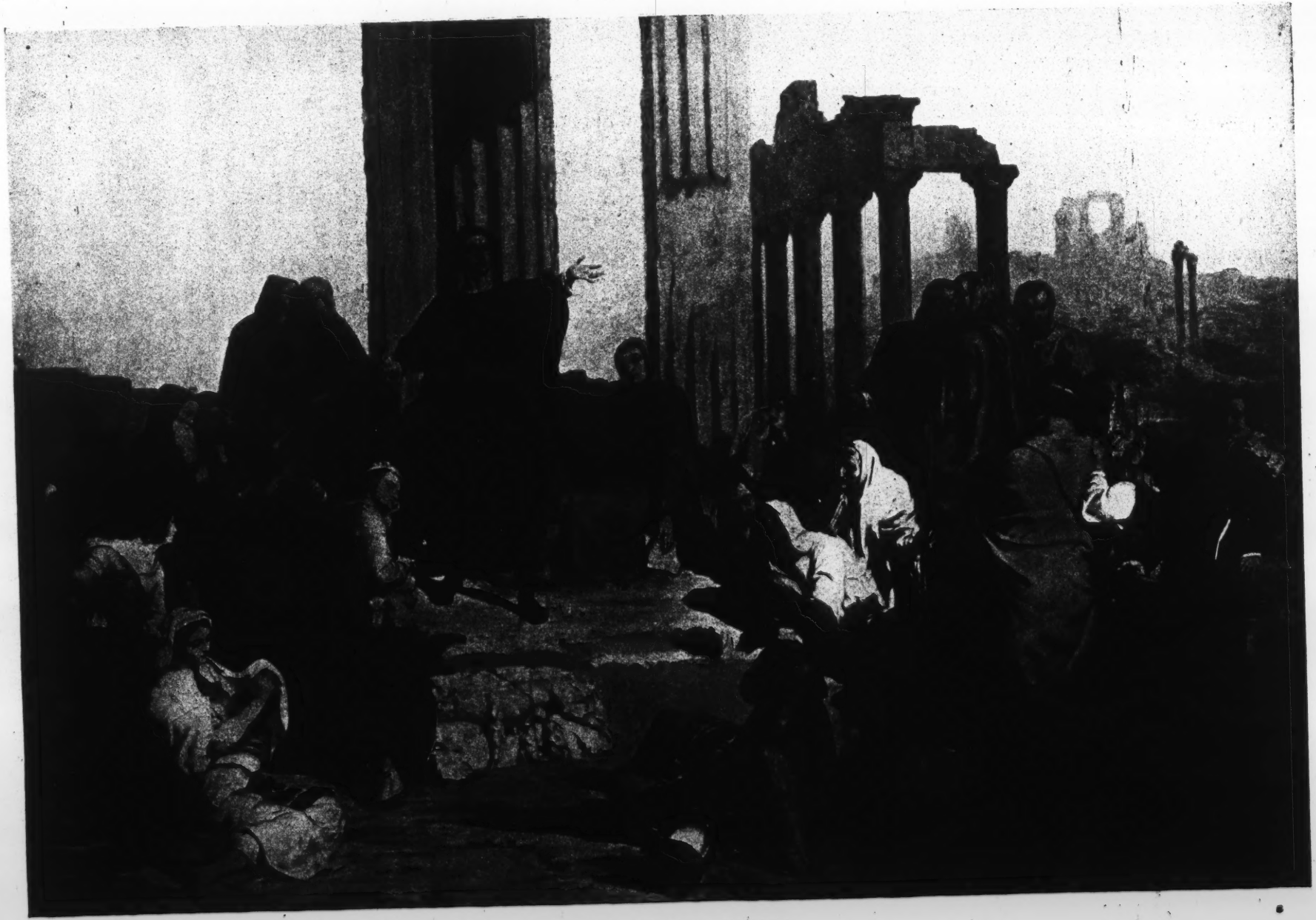
and certainly I cannot surrender to the weak, however well-meaning, sentimentalism of Herr Glasenapp. But I pass by. We will come to the last volume, to the "Year of 'Parsifal,'" and to the height of the contrast between 1832 and 1882. Fifty years, marked by such a revolution in the idea of the stage, of opera, music, and musical legend, due to this one man, as the modern world had never dreamt of but for him. Wagner stands out, how far beyond Meyerbeer, Rossini, Verdi! That we may estimate by imagining how different the century would appear to us if Wagner had not arisen, or had not moved on from "Rienzi" to the "Ring of the Nibelung" and to "Parsifal."

In this last volume we see him, the single German of his later day that counts for inspiration and in literature. Nietzsche, in 1882, had acquired something of his new style, but his "Human, All too-Human" is an essay, not a masterpiece. The Emperor William and Prince Bismarck, as Wagner said with a smile, had no time to think of the one German writer and composer about whom all Europe was alert. In France Hugo, in Germany Wagner—these were the figures that men thought of as tutelary and overshadowing the world where genius reigns. It might seem that the creator of Wotan, Siegfried, and Brünnhilde had exhausted his primal resources and was come to the end of all things. But he had not. He was to set on his previous works the crown of perfection or of recantation; after that violent explosion of energy in the Norse legends turned to storm and battle music, he was to celebrate the beauty of reconcilement; the Twilight of the Gods was to be transformed into the peace of Calvary, and another meaning given to the sunset of fire and blood. Our biographer tells us truly that Wagner had learned his wisdom from Schopenhauer. The fierce way of repeating this great truth is to say with Nietzsche that Wagner, being shipwrecked on the philosophy of pessimism, took the rock for the haven. It is not so, for Wagner

Wagner in 1860.

was no pessimist in the long run. From first to last, and Nietzsche himself would have granted this in his sane moments, the poet of "Parsifal" was a romantic—in other words, a Christian, nay a Catholic, disguised. Read the apology for this final stage called "Religion and Art," which agrees perfectly with Wagner's moving and persuasive lessons on Church and State, written in 1864 for King Ludwig. The word that always rings out and echoes far and wide in his prose or poetry is not resignation but reform. Patience, my good dilettante; you are craving to hear about Wagner, the musical dramatist, and you think me unutterably slow and didactic because I talk of Wagner the preacher—Ecclesiastes at Bayreuth. But I do and must. Let "The Case of Wagner" denounce a man who made of his music a means, whereas in Mozart and Beethoven, divine spirits, it was an end to itself. Patience, I say again; if you will insist on having a "Parsifal" that shall exceed Italian opera, you cannot escape being

Johanna Wagner, Niece of the Composer.
A prima donna who appeared at Covent Garden in the 'forties, and was at that time more famous than Wagner himself.



RIENZI IN THE FORUM.

Scene out of Wagner's early opera, "Rienzi," rom the painting by A. Elmore, R.A.

told of the sources whence it was derived. For its, greatness, however alluring the drama, consists in this, that it impersonates in taking forms the author himself and the best that he believed. It amuses you, unhappy frivolous mortal, but it saved Wagner.

His "Parsifal" had been long conceived. When Ludwig II. came, like a rescuing angel, to pluck him out of the deeps, the name was bestowed as a thank-offering on the King. Those who, in Munich or in Dresden, denounced Wagner as a "man of the barricades" and an incendiary of Kings' houses, could see in him no more than a rebel, an anarchist, which was one reason why he suffered so many years' exile, and why the Bavarian courtiers dreaded his influence on their royal master. They mistook the man, as such mere feudal hangers-on to the King's mantle could not fail to do. He was, however, not an anarchist, but keenly alive to the sufferings of all things that could suffer, down to the lowliest. His very being was in the passion of pity; and Glasenapp brings out well a feature that appears in all his writings, public or private. "O, I have suffered with those that I saw suffer," Miranda's cry, might have been Wagner's devise. He longed for the spear of Amfortas—I mean, imperial power—that might heal where it had wounded. In art, majestic, tender, beautiful, rendering exquisitely the influences that religion was born to wield, he saw the Holy Graal, a revelation and a comfort to men. I cannot delay to point out by what high untrodden paths Wagner had come back to the shrine of the Middle Ages; but he had always felt the terrible commonplace, bereft of hope and joy, which was all the inheritance left to the people by the Thirty Years' War in Germany. They must have their miracle-play restored, their social redemption. Chivalry could mean nothing else than divine service of those who were in need. Religion, art, government, so long dissevered and dying in their separation, who would unite them? Parsifal was to be anointed king and priest of a world renovated. He corresponds in drama to Shelley's lyrical conception of "Prometheus Unbound."

I am far from saying that Wagner, in his bold attempt, has not laid a hand on the ark of the Covenant; but I think he meant nothing sacrilegious. If ever he believed in the wild strength of revolution, in the thunderstorms of Wotan, years had taught him the deeper lesson which is chanted to us in all the piercing harmonies of his swan-song, his Parsifal, who conquers by meekness. He may once have dreamt that in King Ludwig the Christian-chivalrous order would begin again. He had lived through 1848, when the philosophy of the barricades expired under cannon-shot. He was convinced that blind force would create nothing. He believed in humanity, acting under the charm and grace which he called love, as the mightiest of all powers; and in his poet's way, not dogmatising or talking of systems, he associated this redemption with the most august of names. When he would set his thoughts to music and embody them in symbols, not dead but living, he turned to the Christian mysteries, to Catholic rites and their immemorial beauty, and he took a great multitude captive. This was his crowning achievement. The "year of Parsifal," 1882, saw him at the height of his destiny. Europe hailed Wagner king in musical drama, poet whose rendering had brought legends from books to life, prophet of better hopes than civilised man had yet fulfilled. All this he had done by sheer holding out, against a world bent on defeating him, this one man, indomitable Prometheus.

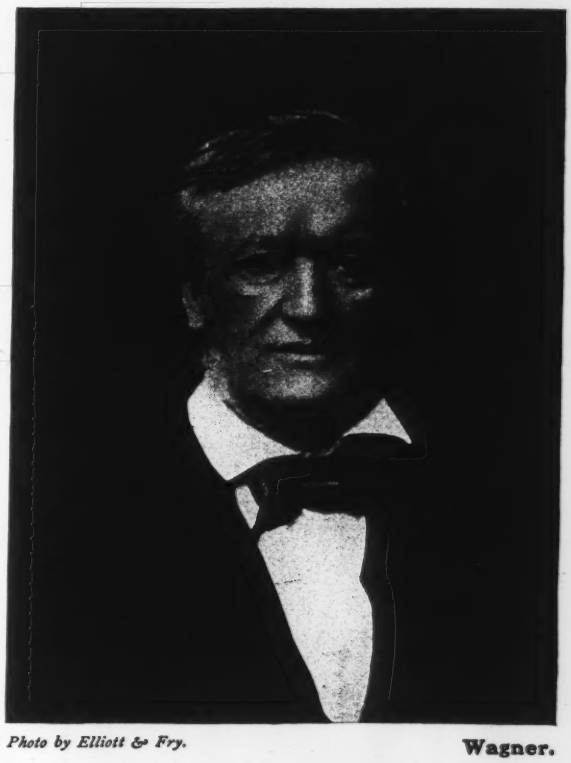


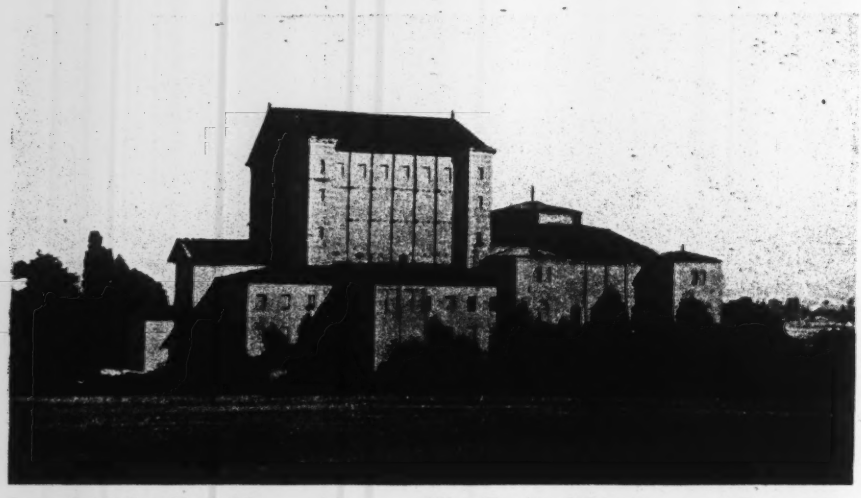
Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Wagner.**

To round the romance, Wagner, weak and ailing, like Sir Walter Scott must go on his Italian pilgrimage. We follow him to Naples and Palermo, to Acireale and Taormina, lovely Sicilian landscapes, never to be forgotten by those who have travelled over them. He is at Naples again and at Siena; he finds a pleasant abode in the Palazzo Vendramin at Venice, and entertains Liszt, and spends his last Christmas gaily, and waits for the end. With some pain, rather suddenly, it comes upon him. He dies leaning on the shoulder of Frau Cosima. I remember many years afterwards my gondolier saying to me that he had never seen the Grand Canal so crowded with gondolas as on the day when Wagner dead was conveyed to the station at Mestre, thence to be taken home. He was laid in his resting-place at Wahnfried, near the scene of his triumphs; and there his biographer leaves him, for Bayreuth is Wagner's monument.

THE THEATRE AT BAYREUTH.

By Reginald R. Buckley.

IN 1876 the first performances took place at the theatre of brick and timber which stands at Bayreuth as the expression of Wagner's life. It embodies the idea of a holiday centre, the main object of which is to focus the German people upon a visible representation of their folk-lore, in the terms of Wagner's philosophy. This year Dr. Hans Richter announces his intention of carrying out Wagner's plan for a school of music-drama, and later one may look for an extension of activities in other directions, and to annual festivals.



From a photo by Anna Chamberlain. **The Festival Playhouse at Bayreuth.**
From Chamberlain's "Richard Wagner." (Dent.)

The theatre is not a beautiful building, save that it crowns with a certain dignity the hill overlooking the old Franconian city. But almost alone in the world of theatres it stands for an idea. Its ultimate object is the permeation of the Teutonic people with a national spirit, a fellowship such as bound the clans and tribes, in a simpler age, and with a more rudimentary art. Never shall I forget the first sight of that word "Bayreuth" at the railway station. I had come *via* Würzburg, where Wagner served a dramatic apprenticeship; and had stayed at Nuremberg to pay homage to Hans Sachs. And here I was at Bayreuth, with its street names recalling the Walküre, the Niblungs, Wagner and Liszt; a city where the very taverns bore the names of Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, and Siegfried. Having left my luggage at a room which the theatre had let to me for a modest three marks a night, I lunched nobly at the Baerlein, conversing with a Graal Knight who took liqueurs and talked of the festival. Then I wandered up towards the theatre with a German student who was there by means of the special fund, to which goes a portion of the receipts for the benefit of those who cannot afford the prices. Wagner's original idea was of a free theatre, but, as it was not found possible to endow it, the visitor has to pay twenty marks for admission. The only free performance resulted in a riot, proving at least the bodily power of "deadheads." The money for the building was collected by means of shares, entitling the original holders to free entry, while the first deficits were met by a loan from King Ludwig. The greater part of the money was raised by Wagner himself.

The building holds about fifteen hundred people. The seats rise fan-shaped, like half an amphitheatre. A hidden orchestra contains the band of more than a hundred players. Thus the music rises like the voice of some impersonal power, moulding and expressing with the help of stage action and scenery the emotional mean-

Between the Acts:
In the garden of the Festival Theatre.

Wagner in 1860.
From Chamberlain's "Richard Wagner." (Dent.)

ing of the dramas. The beginning of each act is heralded by a theme played by cornets. All go within. Primal darkness wraps the audience round till the first poignant sounds steal from the orchestra. One remembers that the tears came also to Wagner's eyes as he heard the magical effect for the first time.

Between the acts one comes out upon the terrace, enters the open-air restaurant for a Philistine dinner and a chat with friendly Americans, returning as the fanfare calls, and sunset flares over the fields, with the pine-wood standing out black against the sky. After it is all over, a few words with a stranger who feels the inwardness of it all, and the rapture of starlight, only to be brought gently to earth by a talk with students at the Café Lohengrin. Had I been a Teuton, hearing my own national poetry at a national Eisteddfod, the experience must have been even greater. As it was I felt, as Wagner's detractors cannot, what it was for which the great, unpleasant, heroic man laid down his life.

It is difficult to discover exactly when the "Bayreuth idea" came to Wagner. Inasmuch as it means accurate performance, and care for detail, the conception lay behind his official work in the regular theatre. The use of legend to express his poetic and philosophic aims is at the root of "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin." It was in 1848 that the first definite plan was formulated in a pamphlet on "A National Theatre" for Zurich. And in 1851 a letter to Liszt set out the scheme as a Goethe Memorial Theatre, to be established at Weimar under Liszt, in the manner of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. That is to say, it was to be at once a library, a school, and a theatre, devoted not only to Goethe worship, but to a growth of contemporary art on the lines followed by Goethe himself in the dramatic works. He desired to free the national poetry from its paper prison, and to flood an arid stage with the life-stream of genius. At that time Wagner had no idea of founding an institution to produce his own works, and it was only the force of circumstances that made him sole exponent of legendary drama in a theatre to this day controlled by his widow, Cosima, née Liszt, and their son, Siegfried.

To cut a long story short, lack of means, the troubles of his first marriage, and a stupid attack upon the Jews ("Judaism in Music," 1850), crippled Wagner as a propagandist, and it was only upon the wave of Teutonic enthusiasm that followed the Franco-German War that he was able between 1870 and 1876 to build the famous theatre. King Ludwig of Bavaria some years before had sanctioned the erection of a noble building at Munich, together with a school of German art, but court intrigue drove Wagner away, just as his meddling with the Dresden revolt had procured his earlier banishment. But a federated Germany contained enough zealots to make "The Ring" possible in a theatre designed to that

Villa Wahnfried, Wagner's house at Bayreuth.
"In the shadow of his festival playhouse, here 'where his fancies found repose,' Wagner built his own house, 'Wahnfried.' Here he lies buried."—*Chamberlain's "Richard Wagner."* (Dent.)

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1
Wagner conducting in 1863.
By Gustav Gaul.

2
Wagner in 1876.
By André Gill.

3
Liszt, Wagner, and Bülow.

4

4
Wagner making himself heard.
Drawn by André Gill in 1869.

5
Wagner conducting in 1866.
By Gustav Gaul.

6
Herr Wagner, the Bi-cycle-ist of Her Majesty's and Drury Lane (1882).
By Linley Sambourne.

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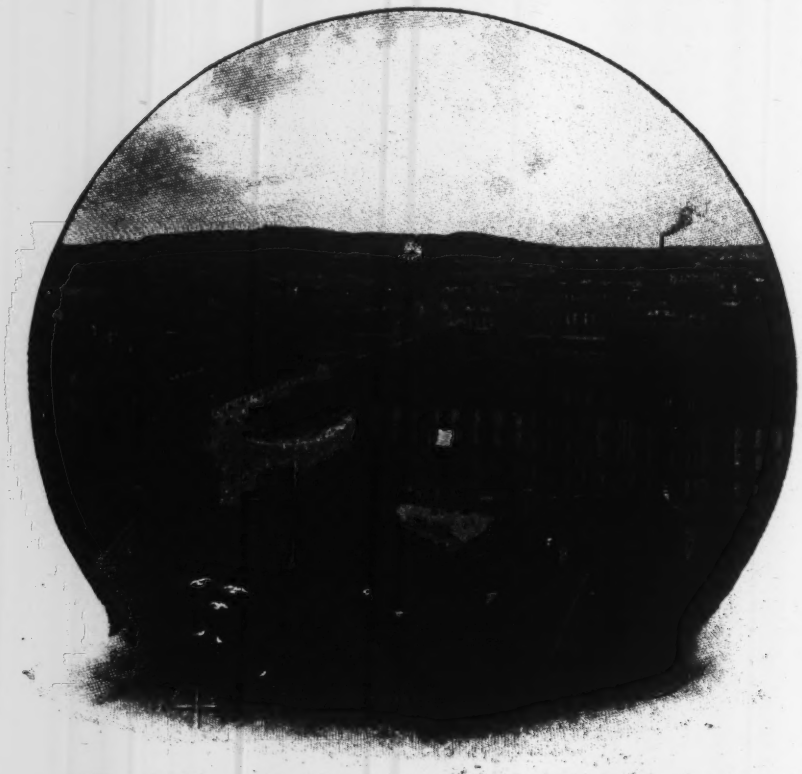
5

6

WAGNER IN GERMAN, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH CARICATURE.

"THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE." (1877)

By permission of the proprietors of *Vanity Fair*.



View of Bayreuth, looking towards the Wagner Theatre.

end. Bayreuth was chosen owing to a chance holiday which had endeared the place to the composer.

The seriousness with which Wagner worked towards this cathedral of the arts made many enemies; his own pugnacity added to their number. To this day his poetic and philosophic side is ignored by literary people, while musicians worry themselves and their readers by comparing Wagner's music with that of Strauss or Debussy. Any one who cares to estimate Wagner's philosophic influence should read "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" by Houston Stewart Chamberlain,* the apostle of Pan-Germanism, who happens to be Wagner's son-in-law. The inwardness of his aim may be grasped by turning to the "Life" by Glasenapp, translated by W. Ashton Ellis (Kegan Paul & Co.), or to the shorter book on Wagner by Stewart Chamberlain (Dent). His poetic quality is best discovered by reading "The Ring" in the original, and Ashton Ellis's translation of "Opera and Drama," the finest of his prose works on the inter-relation of the Arts.

But at Bayreuth alone can the deed proclaim itself. Failing the supply of other works Wagner determined that his own dramas should provide a repertory of national impetus. Folk-lore was to be reshaped, and the tales of hero and lover, of the strife of will and idea, were to be expressed by scene and song. To say that Siegfried is the Superman, or that Tristan and Isolde are protagonists in a work which might have been written in collaboration with Schopenhauer, is to indicate my drift.

"The Ring of the Niblungs" is a drama in four parts, occupying four separate performances. Not only has one a poem of great beauty, couched in language primal rather than archaic, accompanied by music more akin to that of Beethoven than is any other of his compositions, but one meets with a vital political faith, finely explained by Bernard Shaw in "The Perfect Wagnerite."

Siegfried, the hero, is Germany's King Arthur. Nietzsche was converted to Wagnerism through Siegfried, who smashes Wotan's spear of tradition. It was not till "Parsifal" that the sage of Lützen saw that Wagner's Superman was only a German nationalist, and that the new Dionysian faith was to join up with Christianity of an esoteric type. In "The Ring" Wagner trounces capitalism in the shape of Alberich, the ill-wrought dwarf, who steals the gold of the Rhinemaidens. The goddess Fricka is Mrs. Grundy. The half-divine daughter of Wotan, Brünnhilde, is an Amazon, a suffragette. To make her his bride the man of To-morrow goes through the fire. Fafner and Fasolt are giant sons of Demos, alien equally to Alberich and to Siegfried. These are a few thoughts aroused by the poem, which equally with the glorious music claims an attention which no "opera" could hope to gain.

The "Meistersingers of Nuremberg" has a place in the Bayreuth scheme of ideas, which may be explained thus. The Craft Guild System of the Middle Ages seemed to Wagner preferable to our inorganic civilisation. Further, the guild of Mastersingers, who succeeded the Minnesingers, or Troubadours, represented German folk-art in its perfect form. The cobbler-poet, Hans Sachs, at whose house to this day one may drink a glass of wine, was, as it were, the soul of Nuremberg, queen of German cities. So Wagner composed a poem, showing how one Walther, bringing new life-blood into German art, wins a bride and defeats the pedants who would kill this free folk-tradition. And like Shakespeare, Wagner gloried in a pageant play, culminating as does this in a choral setting of the great Lutheran hymn, "Wach Auf," in which the people of a free community join.

And "Tristan and Isolde," the origin and nature of which I tried to explain in the last Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN, stands as a complete expression of the poetry and passion of sex. It is personal and poignant; equally in its poetry, economy of action, and music the world's great love-drama.

Concerning "Parsifal," the crowning work of Bayreuth, produced the year before Wagner's death, there will be always a difference of opinion. Founded upon the story which stands in our Mabinogion as "Peredur, the Son of Evrawc," it combines old legend and the

* Published by Mr. John Lane.

results of Wagner's personal mysticism. It draws upon the Scriptures and upon Indian legend also. Parsifal, the "pure fool," by suffering becomes wise. He is a "saviour" who as a wanderer comes to the Graal Castle at a period when the holy mysteries are in danger. Amfortas, the Graal King, has fallen a victim to the lure of Kundry, a reincarnation of Herodias. Also he has been wounded by the spear of Klingsor, the impure magician. By resisting Kundry's temptations, Parsifal moves to victory. In the famous "Good Friday Scene," Kundry, like the Magdalen, washes the feet of Parsifal, who in the end heals the corrupt wound of Amfortas, and brings "salvation." The fact that a Mass is celebrated by the Graal Knights, and that Christian and Indian philosophy find a poetic and musical expression throughout the drama, has made more friends and enemies for Bayreuth than any other work. Alone at Bayreuth may authorised productions be given, at least until other festival theatres are in a position to afford a quiet production away from busy haunts.

Wagner knew very well, through his experience of the fates of his cut and mutilated "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," that the essential part of his art was liable to be cut out as "padding," and that all musico-dramatic work is regarded as operatic entertainment. Philosophy based upon legend, or mediæval pageants held up before us as a vision and a contrast; a cathedral service in dramatic form; demand not only Bayreuth, but many Bayreuths. For the ordinary theatre is concerned with Money, and the opera house with Society. These words symbolise all that was most loathsome to Wagner.

First Bayreuth is an expression of Wagner's art, but it is besides the home of a nation's folk-lore, living again in the art of our own day. The time has come for a far wider interest in the whole subject of Wagnerism, which may be summed up as a vision of a better earthly life, as a Morris or a Ruskin might conceive it. One has a glorious holiday at Bayreuth, but above all that is the genius of a people, flowering in its folk-lore, when that lore is kindled by Love and molten in a music universal in its appeal.

Wagner in his Home at Bayreuth.
(After the painting by G. Papperitz.)

To the left are Wagner's wife, Cosima, and their son. Liszt is at the piano, and behind him is Herr Richter, the famous conductor.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best fancy titles for the biographies of Rudyard Kipling, G. K. Chesterton, Bernard Shaw, and Hall Caine, competitors following the examples supplied by several recent biographies of famous persons, as, for instance, the new Life of Marie Louise which is called "An Imperial Victim."

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

Lohengrin is brought by the Swan.

From "A Day with Wagner," by May Byron. With Illustrations in Colour by Norman Price. ("Days with the Great Composers" series: Hodder & Stoughton.)

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss DAISY COWPER, of 53, Lambton Road, St. Michael's, Liverpool, for the following:

FORTY YEARS OF SONG. BY MADAME ALBANI. (Mills & Boon.)

"Sleep will come when thou art fled."—SHELLEY, *To the Night.*

We also select for printing:

A HOSPITAL IN THE MAKING. BY B. BURFORD RAWLINGS. (Geo. Allen & Co.)

"The gasoline-motor goes by."—*Topical Song.*

(Florence K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand.)

A KEEPER OF THE ROBES. BY F. FRANKFORT MOORE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind."

GOLDSMITH, *An Elegy on Mrs. Blaize.*

(C. Powell, 37, Egerton Rd., Withington, Manchester.)

THE LONG ROLL. BY MARY JOHNSTON. (Constable.)

"The Carpenter said nothing but
'Cut us another slice!'"

LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking-Glass.*

(Helen A. Cole, 20, Victoria Avenue, Newtownards, co. Down.)

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."

Nursery Rhyme.

(Kathleen Hannay, 8, St. Andrew's Square, Surbiton, Surrey, and B. Tiplady, North End, Wetherby, Yorks.)

THE LAND OF PROMISES. BY STANLEY PORTAL HYATT. (Laurie.)

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy."

MRS. HEMANS, *The Better Land.*

(W. Lewes, Winalong, Washington Street, Toorak, Victoria, Australia.)

II.—The PRIZE for the best serious or satirical comment in verse on the idea of substituting arbitration for war is divided, and we are sending TWO NEW BOOKS to J. RICHARD ELLAWAY, of Lynmoor, Basingstoke, and two to Miss C. M. WALKERDINE, of 52, Heathfield Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, for the following:

The gracious Dawning of a Golden Age;—
When the wild Voice of ravaging War shall cease,
And all the Pomp of History's blazoned Page
Be splendid with the shining star of Peace:

When Love divine shall fill the Heart of Man—
Through all the World no sounds of Battle roar,
And under Arbitration's peaceful Ban,
Baffled and banished bay the Hounds of War:

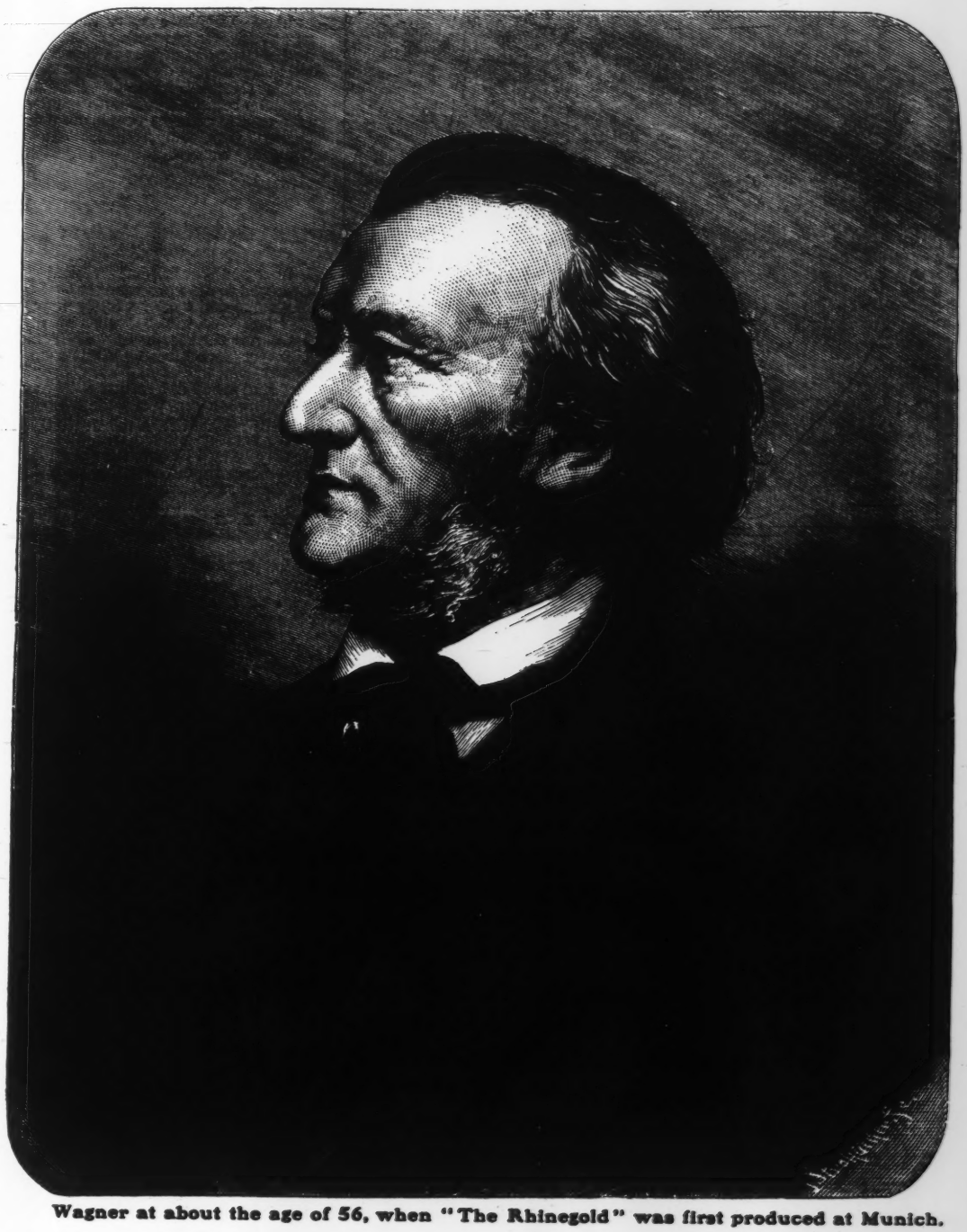
Then, loosened from the Armed and Puissant Hand,
The Wealth of Lands to peaceful Needs shall turn;
So, Art and Industry shall stronger stand,
And in the People's breast Contentment burn.

(J. Richard Ellaway.)

They talked in fine old platitudes
Of all the joys of peace.
They argued this, they argued that,
It seemed they'd never cease.
The two opponents, joyfully
To keep their ruling swore,
Just waited till the verdict came,
And then—they went to war!

(Miss C. M. Walkerdine.)

The verses of the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (S. Woodford) begin excellently, but are marred by a laboured close. Some thirty of the competitors, like the two prize-winners, are contented with a false rhyme for the word "war." The best of the other papers sent in are by A. H. Scales (Paddington), William Tranter (Manchester), Arthur Blundell (Southport), S. J. Morrison (Barnicot), W. F. Robinson (Cambridge), John Murdoch (Edinburgh), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), John L. Cather (Redhill), C. W. Guest (Sheffield), C. Graham Hardy (Edinburgh), Mrs. Jamieson (Tenby), D. Whitelaw (Paisley), E. A. Row (Yarmouth), J. M. Sidebottom (Helensburgh), Ruth Ashby (Carlisle), W. A. Gilmour (Dublin), Tom Sefton (Bolton), A. J. Owens (Droitwich), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Harold Dorning (Hale), R. G. Wyatt (London, E.), Chas. Webb (King's Lynn), Winifred T. Hicks Bolton (Brondesbury), Miss Wright (Newcastle), Laurence Tarr (East Ham), E. M. Odell (Forest Gate), G. M. Norman (Bury), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Miss Stevens (Enfield), Clifford Deane (Harlesden), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), James E. Ruddle (Trowbridge), Thos. Lanfear (London, S.E.), Miss E. Moore (Liverpool), Norah E. Goodbody (Clara, King's Co.), and Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle).



Wagner at about the age of 56, when "The Rhinegold" was first produced at Munich.

The Arrival of Lohengrin.
After the painting by T. L. Rixis.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to Miss EMILIE SMITH, Andover Vicarage, Hants, for the following:

THE GIRONDIN. BY HILAIRE BELLOC. (Nelson.)

Perhaps this is the first novel which has ever shown the French Revolution not in the limelight, so to speak, but as it probably appeared to people who underwent its inconveniences without realising for their consolation how splendidly it would dramatise. This originality of standpoint is, however, only one of many merits. The gallant, gay, pathetic, rascally hero is a delightful person. Moreover Mr. Belloc writes of war unromantically and vividly as only a soldier could write; of horses as one who loves them; and of the French country-side so that his readers see and smell it.

Other good reviews received are:

LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON. By George Horace Lorimer. (Methuen.)

This book is one of America's "hits" in recent literature. Published some years ago, it was an immediate success, but this new shilling edition should enhance its popularity. These alleged letters from a successful American business man to his son should be read by all young men who seek success in life. We have not found anything that could be better labelled "Hints for a Successful Career." Let young men ponder such an aphorism as this (chosen from many quite as suggestive) and they must benefit—"Anything that teaches a boy to get the answer before the other fellow gets through biting the pencil, pays."

(Mrs. H. M. Creswell Payne, Penare, Whitemoor, St. Austell.)

THE LOST IPHIGENIA. BY A. and E. CASTLE. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

It is to be hoped that the musical geniuses of real life are not so selfish and altogether inconsiderate of others as their fictional counterparts. Sarolta, the heroine of this story, appears to possess all the unpleasant traits accompanying her talent without the redeeming warmheartedness which characterises her French teacher and her American comrade. Her English lover, albeit a trifle stolid, is far too good for her, and the boorish German musician Lothnar would have been a fitter mate. In brief, a readable but uninspiring drama written with the cosmopolitan finish one is coming to expect from these authors.

(Miss L. Mugford, Sutton-at-Hone, nr. Dartford, Kent.)

THE ELDEST SON. BY ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. (Methuen.)

An easily written, well-told story, related with plenty of humour and a nice sense of character and style. Mr. Marshall's story comes as a refreshing novelty in these days of psychological treatises thinly disguised under the title of fiction; he takes an ordinary English country family and tells us of their virtues without sentimentality, and of their weaknesses without malice. It might have erred on the side of dulness had not Mr. Marshall made of each character a perfectly completed vignette—and vignettes of pleasant rational people are a delightful change from impressionist drawings of irrational eccentrics.

(Dorothy Damant, Montpellier, Cowes, I.W.)

THE LONG ROLL. BY MARY JOHNSTON. (Constable.)

Love and War have never failed to interest or ceased to act upon mankind. Love, love of woman and country, finely tempered by war, and War, whose wounds are dressed by Love, are the themes of "The Long Roll." Miss Johnston gives us Virginia on the eve of her war with the North, proud of her past and proud of her future. And into the war through many a gallant chapter like that of "The Ironclads," which must uplift every healthy-minded boy, Miss Johnstone takes Richard Cleave, the delightful Careys and their friends, closing with the death of Stonewall Jackson.

(Miss B. O. Anderson, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.)

RED EVE. By Rider Haggard. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Haggard's book will delight readers rejoicing in adventurous romance. Dunwich affords material for the earlier and closing scenes in the novel, while the reader, in the interval, follows Hugh de Cressis and his henchman, Dick, on journeys to the Court of Edward III.; to Cressy's battlefield and to Calais. Sir Edmund Acour comes in the way of the love which exists between Hugh and Eve Clavering. Hugh follows Sir Edmund over Europe and at last the fatal encounter takes place. The eerie figure of M:rgh looms over all, supplying that touch which Mr. Haggard knows admirably how to manage.

(M. A. Newman, Badingham, Suffolk.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by Kate Lee (Harrow), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Kathleen White (Ravenscourt Park), J. S. Leckie (Glasgow), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford), P. Sydenham Dixon (Carlisle), Mrs. E. C. Atkinson (Windermere), J. Howard Francis (Merthyr Tydvil), E. A. Rowe (Yarmouth), Florence L. Payne (St. Austell), F. M. Knipe (Hampton-in-Arden), Lilian C. Young (Grove Park), Miss E. Smallwood (Highbury), L. H. Cooke (Stockport), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), William Currie (Edinburgh), W. Shaw (Partick), W. F. Robinson (Cambridge), A. G. Cheverton (St. Margaret's-on-Thames), Arthur Blundell (Southport), Miss Browne (Worcester), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), B. Williams (Smethwick), J. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Mary Neely (Ballyshannon), and Irene Harrison (Bristol).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to WILLIAM H. MATTHEWS, of 211, Milkwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

SHELLEY'S POEMS.

By Professor George Saintsbury.

IT must probably have occurred to many people—it certainly has to the present reviewer—that after full fifty years of writing (sometimes "chatter," sometimes not) about Shelley, it was high time for a compact edition with a reasonable allowance of notes, original and *variorum*, and a fairly castigated, but not rashly altered text. This was much wanted; and we may say at once that Mr. Locock has given what was wanted very well indeed.* It is possible—and we shall do it in a moment, as much to show that his work has been really studied, and so as a compliment, as for any other reason—to make certain queries as to the general plan, and certain strictures on particular observations. But these will not in the least invalidate or recall the verdict just given. Mr. Locock, who has qualified himself for the task by a prolonged study of Shelley MSS., has shown himself thoroughly "judgmatical" in performing that office of revision of the text which, uncalled for in the case of any other great nineteenth-century poet, is made necessary in Shelley's by the peculiar circumstances of the publication of nearly all his poems, and the fact that a large number of them were posthumous. He has selected with care and, again, with judgment, a sufficient amount of the commentaries—*not* of the chatter kind—of others. His own strictly critical, that is to say appreciative, remarks are few, but in most cases apposite and sound enough to make us wish for a good many more. His interpretations of meaning—things which are frequently impertinences in regard to great poets, but which are often made necessary by Shelley's peculiarities—mostly deserve the same praise. With a few slips, his explanations of allusion and reference, parallel passage and so forth, are accurate. They, again, might have been multiplied, since Shelley, though not so full of such things as Tennyson or Browning, has many more of them than is sometimes thought. In short, he has shown himself to be more than fairly equal to a by no means easy task.

One may perhaps slightly miss an "Editor's Preface" explaining his own aims and purposes: a thing which cannot be said to be quite adequately supplied by a few lines on the loose publisher's wrapper of the book promising "a carefully edited text, with complete *apparatus criticus*, adequate explanatory notes on all the poems, citation of parallel passages, the exclusion of the worthless juvenile Poems preceding 'Queen Mab,'" and the inclusion of some new verses. In fact the present reviewer never looked at this wrapper till he was on the point of putting it into the waste-paper basket after reading the book a first time.

This promise is, however, very well performed, though some people will frankly regret the exclusion of the *Juvenilia*. Things may be worthless from one point of view, and yet possess considerable value from another. If Shelley had written nothing else than the *Juvenilia*, no sane human being could desire their resuscitation; there are several human beings (not perhaps utter fools) to whom it is an inexhaustible pleasure to turn from them (especially from "Victor and Cazire," which is still almost unknown to the general) to "Queen Mab," as well as from "Queen Mab" to "Alastor," and from "Alastor" to the ever more glorious procession that closes with "The Triumph of Time."

Another, though of course an irreconcilably to be debated point, is the relegation of the notes (including even the *apparatus criticus*) to the close of the volumes. One knows well enough the high and mighty "culturist" objection to the intrusion of critical matter on the same page with the sublime inventions of the poet. But to talk like men of this world, what is the use of it if it is anywhere else than at the foot of that page? It is impossible to read poetry with any enjoyment if one has to be constantly turning to and rummaging in the other end of the volume, to see whether there is a variant reading, an explanation or what not. It is, on the other hand, a minor penal servitude to do what has been virtuously done in this case, and read the notes consecutively, turning back at each to the text where necessary. To which it may be added that both proceedings are made more difficult and more disgusting by what seems to us the only serious mechanical fault of the edition, the absence of page-references in the notes to the text. That edition is otherwise such a

The Palazzo Vendramin-Calergi, on the Grand Canal, Venice, where Wagner died.

* "The Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Edited by C. D. Locock. With an Introduction by A. Clutton-Brock. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Methuen.)

good one that if professors were paid like judges or bishops or crack doctors, the present writer would have his copy interleaved, buy another, and hire somebody to cut out the notes and paste them on the interleavings opposite to the text.

On one side only—the prosodic—does Mr. Locock seem to be a little "to seek," and that by no means because "he followeth not *us*." It is possible to scan Shelley quite correctly on more systems than one. But Mr. Locock, like a large number of other people, seems to be groping, rather than clearly following any system. For instance, he constantly annotates "a foot too long" or "a foot missing." Now it would be exceedingly rash to say that, in a text conditioned as was stated above, there never is anything of either kind. But in at least some cases, if not in nearly all, there is no need for such correction. Shelley, next in time to Shakespeare and Milton, was the third great poet thoroughly to understand, and to teach to his greatest successors, the secret of what we may call the English choric verse, the stanza which, while maintaining a general harmonic principle in itself, and a general symphonic correspondence with other stanzas, no more reproduces line-length necessarily for line-length than it does foot for foot. Monosyllabic feet are quite good things; but there is not the slightest necessity to introduce them at the beginning of

"Fresh / Spring / and Sum/mer and Win/ter hoar,"

merely because there are five feet in the corresponding line. Elsewhere, too, Mr. Locock seems to have got into the most singular confusion of hearing. He scans (we reproduce his divisions and symbols exactly) the lyric in "Ginevra":

Óld ⏑ / Wíntĕr wăs / góne
Ănd thĕ / Spríng ⏑ / cáme ⏑ / dówn.

Now, to some ears at least, this is a "jangle out of tune and time" of the most horrible description; and recurring to the text one finds that the whole thing is in plain continuous anapæsts with the usual iambic or spondaic substitution, just in Shelley's favourite manner.

Old Wīn/tĕr wăs gŏne/
In his wēak/nĕss bāck / tŏ thĕ mōūn/tăins hōār
Ănd thĕ Sprīng / cāme dŏwn.

A few minor "knots in the reed" which can easily be smoothed out, and one or two *desiderata* as easily to be added, may be noticed as promised above. In the notes on "Alastor" the Wordsworthian character of "sentiment and diction" is indicated, but not the still greater indebtedness of the versification to "W. W." "Caracall*us*" (I. 541) and "*Tith*ea" for the wife of Uranus (I. 613) are no doubt mere misprints. Does not "ivy-fingered" in "The Revolt of Islam" rather refer to the soft clinging caress of the breeze than to its "rustling in the ivy"? In reference to such confusions of spelling as "straight" and "strait," "aetherial" and "ethereal," etc., it has always seemed to the present writer that Shelley had read much more seventeenth-century poetry (in which these and hundreds of similar things constantly occur) than has been generally thought. It might be noticed that "sun-gilt," though infinitely inferior to "sun-girt," in the famous and magnificent address to Venice, has some support in a remarkable passage of Johnson's, curiously unlike his usual style. The modern tendency to force "grain" into the sense of "dye" wherever it occurs (see I. 605) is almost certainly wrong. "Benjamin" for "overcoat" seems more likely to have a biblical origin than to be connected "with a tailor of that name." "Bocca bacciata" in "Peter Bell" should surely have been reunited to Alaciel in origin, instead of being merely paralleled from a letter of Shelley's own to Leigh Hunt. Has not the *Quarterly Reviewer* of Keats been now settled to be Croker? As to the remark that Shelley's observation, "An unsuccessful author turns critic," "*anticipates* the well-known definition" (Lord Beaconsfield's?), the phrase has been traced back at least to Dryden's "the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic." The suggestion that Wordsworth was even "perhaps" an original Pantisocrat is unfortunate. No eye of imagination, however red and raging, can perceive "W. W." in such a part; Coleridge, though he knew Christopher Wordsworth before 1794, did not know William, nor did Southey; and Pantisocracy was actually "hatched" between Coleridge, Southey, Hucks, Burnett, Allen, Seward, and especially Lovell, the third of the Frickerian brother-in-lawhood.

But these things are nothings. A certain proportion of them is inevitable in work of the kind, and is some-

Photo by Breitkopf & Härtel.

The Wagner Monument in Berlin.

RICHARD WAGNER.

The Court of the Goddess of Love, on the Hill of Venus.

Reproduced from a colour drawing by Willy Pogány.
From "Tannhäuser." A poetical version of the Wagnerian legend by T. W. Rolleston. Illustrated by Willy Pogány. (Harrap.)

times rather a large proportion in the work of those who think them serious in other people. They can be easily corrected. As for the text, it is certainly the best that has yet been published of anything like the whole work. There is hardly more than one point in which Mr. Locock may be thought to have been either incurious or too conservative. In the exquisite "Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples" the fourth line of the second stanza has hitherto always been printed, and Mr. Locock still prints it, as follows:

"Like light dissolved in star showers, thrown."

Now the present writer has already (more than once, he thinks, but certainly once) pointed out that the comma before "thrown" greatly injures, if it does not wholly spoil, this beautiful image. "Light dissolved in star showers" is false heraldry and rather impossible chemistry: "star-showers" are made of light already and will not put up with more. But

"Like light dissolved, in star-showers thrown,"

is in every possible respect perfect and impeccable. The wave is liquid light: as it breaks on the shore that light is "thrown in star-showers." One may just add that the promise of adequate explanatory notes is not quite so fully carried out in respect to the smaller poems as to the larger. We could "do with" another hundred or two pages of such notes; and, by the way, when Mr. Locock is writing them, he might also add indication of the fact that the opening stanza of "Queen Mab" is almost a *rifacimento* of that of "Thalaba." For though this ought to be perfectly well known, it may go near to be thought that uncommonly few people read "Thalaba" now.

Nothing has yet been said of Mr. Locock's *Anecdota* or of Mr. Clutton-Brock's Introduction. The former, not numerous, are interesting rather than important, and somewhat tantalising: but to be welcomed, as is anything of Shelley's. The Introduction has nothing to do with the particular edition, but is a general discussion, very well worth reading, of the poet, in the same key as its author's book on the subject. There is not the least difficulty in saying ditto to it on most heads, though, as in the case of most general criticisms, propositions opposite to those found here might be concurrently or preferably "homologated," as they say in Scotland. "Shelley's poetry is always trying to be music." Would it not be as true, or truer, to say that "music is always trying to be Shelley's poetry"? But on the whole Mr. Clutton-Brock is quite right, within the lines which he has prescribed to himself. These lines are chiefly directed against those who admire Shelley because he was ostensibly an anarchist and an atheist, and against Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, as it seems to him, disliked Shelley "because he was a religious enthusiast." Perhaps it was not so much because Shelley was a religious enthusiast, as because he is the abiding disproof of Mr.

"Siegfried cutting off Brünnhilde's mail-corselet."
From a wood engraving by T. Sturge Moore. By permission of the artist.

Arnold's theory that in poetry "all depends upon the subject"; but this does not greatly matter. Mr. Clutton-Brock is at least safe in upholding, as he practically does throughout, the thesis that Shelley *was* a religious enthusiast—a super-Crashaw of a more than half fancied anti-Christianity. Undoubtedly he was this. Undoubtedly too his poetry is "more lyrical than any other poetry known to us, and also more empty of fact." Whether "one may agree with Shelley's political ideas and yet feel that he did not express them in the best part of his poetry," the present writer is, for reasons, not in a position to say. But he knows that one may disagree with Shelley's political and religious ideas, utterly, hopelessly, irreconcilably, and yet think his poetry to be of the greatest that has ever existed.

So there is nothing to quarrel about; and there may be a *treuga Dei* between reviewer, editor, and introducer (if the two latter will) to an extent not very common. And this reviewer has a fresh excuse for reading "Prometheus Unbound," and "To Constantia Singing," and the "Stanzas in Dejection," and the "Lament" and "The Witch of Atlas." Of the last of these, Mr. Locock says: "Without thought of any plot or purpose, the poet gives the reins to his imagination and revels in those brilliant descriptions of airy nothings in which he so delighted. In this respect it is surpassed, if at all, only by 'Prometheus Unbound.'" That is the way to talk: only, how much greater, more real, more eternal are these "airy nothings" than most earth-born things!

MARCELLE TINAYRE.

BY WINIFRED STEPHENS.

"A NEW voice in French fiction"; thus did a writer in an American magazine describe Madame Marcelle Tinayre some five years ago. But it was only to the Anglo-Saxon world that Madame Tinayre's voice was then new; nine years earlier it had been heard by France in her first novel, and at intervals since then in works which had attracted considerable notice. During recent years her fame has been steadily growing throughout the civilised world, and several of her novels have been translated into English. Londoners have come to look eagerly for the latest fruit of Madame Tinayre's pen; and lately they have been privileged to hear her spoken word. Last November and March the large audiences which attended her lectures bore witness to the popularity of her novels in the metropolis.

Madame Tinayre's visits to London have completely dispelled the delusions concerning her personality which possessed certain of her English readers. They had regarded this gifted novelist, sometime editress of the feminist periodical *La Fronde* and the writer of novels which strike a note of revolt against the traditional ideas of woman's destiny, as an unwomanly advocate of woman's rights, a kind of twentieth-century Georges Sand. But Madame Tinayre is *femme, très femme*, disdaining to affect masculinity, and as far removed from a blue-stocking or from a militant suffragette as it is possible to imagine. In purely feminine matters she has always been intensely interested. As a bride of sixteen she is said to have wept at not being permitted to go away in her wedding frock. And only the other day, with a company of friends assembled on the Charing Cross platform to bid her *bon voyage*, she was not above discussing the cut of a charming travelling coat she had purchased in London, having arrived breathless, almost too late for her train, through the irresistible delights of a toy-shop whither she had been lured by a desire to buy dolls for her children.

For Madame Tinayre is both a wife and a mother. When a mere child, Marcelle Chasteau was married to M. Julien Tinayre, an engraver of Paris. A decreasing purse and an increasing family rendered difficult the early years of her wedded life. And then it was that she began to publish her novels. She was born with a pen in her hand. She lisped in numbers, for, like her friend M. Anatole France, and as her prose style would indicate, she was a poet before becoming a novelist. Her first novel was written at eighteen. Belonging to a highly cultivated bourgeois family in which the women had for several generations possessed strong literary instincts,* she had been brought up in infancy on a literary diet of Lamartine and Victor Hugo. At her grandmother's knee, in the old town of Tulle in Limousin where she was born, Marcelle Chasteau listened to the poems of these masters. And, long before she could understand their meaning, the melodious verses impressed themselves upon her quick and retentive memory. Of the grandmother who thus moulded the tastes of her infancy, we discern a portrait in Madame Tinayre's novel of *Hellé*, in Madame Marboy, the white-haired, blue-eyed old lady who even in old age was moved to tears by poetry and the romance of true love, who delighted to linger in churches and who possessed all the superstitions and all the weaknesses of her sex.

In the story of Hellé, the young girl with eyes bespeaking frankness, loyalty, and intelligence, with the brain of a man and the heart of a virgin, brought up on the classics by her old uncle, Madame Tinayre describes her ideal of girlhood, and depicts some of the influences of her own early years. From Tulle her family removed to Bordeaux: and at the age of ten she came to Paris.

A vivid representation of Parisian life, especially of life in the Quartier Latin, finds a place in Madame Tinayre's novels. But her earlier experiences of the

* Madame Tinayre's mother, Louise Chasteau, has recently published a novel, entitled "La Ravageuse."

provinces remained engraven upon her memory; and she is at her best when relating quiet provincial existence in town and country, at Tulle, her birthplace, in "La Vie Amoureuse de François de Barbazanges"; in the surrounding villages of her native province—"a melancholy, a delicious country," in "L'Ombre de l'Amour" ("Do you love Limousin?" asks one of her characters. "As one loves a nurse who is addicted to telling legends," is the reply); at Hautfort-le-Vieux, an old-world town although not far from Paris, in "La Maison du Péché"; in an antiquated corner of the Picard Pont-sur-Deule, the innocent little Rue au Chapel de Roses, *verte d'herbe, sonore de cloches*, with its façades of brick and its slate roofs of purplish blue, in her last novel, "La Douceur de Vivre."

It was in *La Nouvelle Revue* that appeared Madame Tinayre's first novel, "Avant l'Amour," and soon afterwards, in 1897, it was published in volume by La Société du Mercure de France. Before accepting it Madame Juliette Adam, editress of *La Nouvelle Revue*, had sent the manuscript, signed with a masculine pseudonym, to Alphonse Daudet, who, on returning it, wrote: "The story reveals inexperience, but you must publish it; for this young man will be some one."

"Avant l'Amour" was followed by "La Rançon," in 1898 and by "Hellé" in 1899. By her fellow-writers Madame Tinayre has always been appreciated. The artists and men of letters who gathered round that gifted essayist, Marcel Schwob, the friend of Robert Louis Stevenson and of Sir Sidney Colvin, were quick to perceive her talent. And the appearance of her next novel, "L'Oiseau d'Orage," in 1900, brought her high praise from no less a critic than the late Edmond Rod, who wrote: "It is one of the most perfect and delightful stories that I know."

But the novel which, in the opinion of most of her readers, constitutes Madame Tinayre's greatest title to fame is "La Maison du Péché," which appeared in 1902. Then, two years later, came "La Vie Amoureuse de François de Barbazanges," followed in 1905 by "La Rebelle," and at subsequent intervals by a series of stories, "L'Amour qui Pleure," by "Notes d'une Voyageuse en Turquie," by "L'Ombre de l'Amour," and within the last few months by "La Douceur de Vivre."

Reduced from a colour drawing by Arthur Rackham.

"Father! Father!
Tell me what ails thee?
With dismay thou art filling thy child."

From "The Rhinegold and The Valkyrie." Illustrated in colour by Arthur Rackham. (Heinemann.)

The *grand motif* of Madame Tinayre's novels is love, love apart from marriage and, in her early works, love isolated from duty. "I do not think that there is any novelist among our contemporaries who knows so well how to study, how to handle, how to take apart and put together love in itself, without finding it necessary to contrast love with duty," wrote M. Rod.

This French method of treating love apart from marriage and from duty has always been a stumbling-block in the way of the Anglo-Saxon who would observe French life and read French novels. Anatole France puts the case clearly in "Le Lys Rouge." In that novel an Englishwoman, Miss Bell, asks a French countess to advise her as to marriage with an Italian. "'You are not a child,' replies the countess. 'If you love and are loved, do what you think right, and don't complicate love by material interests which have nothing to do with feeling. That is the advice of a friend!'

"For a moment Miss Bell failed to understand. Then she blushed and rose. She was shocked."

French novelists justify their insistence on the extra-matrimonial aspect of love by pleading that matrimonial love has no story. French critics, comparing the French and the English novel, point out that when in the latter the course of true love does not run smooth the obstacle is frequently the opposition of parents, whereas in the former it is the bond of marriage.

But in the greatest of her novels, "La Maison du Péché," Madame Tinayre ceases to isolate love and reverts to the classical method of opposing love to duty. Augustin de Chanteprie, the devoutest of Catholics, is torn asunder between, on the one hand, his passion for Fanny Manolé, who is a pure pagan, and on the other his duty to his Catholic mother and his loyalty to his faith.

The clash between these two equally fine temperaments—that of the artist in Fanny, that of the mystic in Augustin—is powerfully depicted. And—whatever may happen to the rest of Madame Tinayre's work, we venture to prophesy that this novel will live. At one stage the story recalls the ancient tale of the

Reduced from a colour drawing by Arthur Rackham.

Fafner kills Fasolt.

From "The Rhinegold and The Valkyrie." Illustrated in colour by Arthur Rackham. (Heinemann.)

Egyptian hermit Paphnutius and the courtesan Thaïs. For Augustin, believing at first that he cared only for Fanny's soul, set out to convert her. But although for Augustin's sake she desired to believe, Fanny was afflicted with a rebellious mind which suggested all manner of doubts; and these the village priest, whom Augustin had employed to instruct her, was incapable of resolving. Fanny was too sincere to feign conversion. So, "shaking the dust from her feet on the threshold of the temple, wherein she had found nought but words and phantoms . . . like the vintager to the vineyard, she went forth towards love. . . . And gently, shyly, repeating in an inverse sense the methods that Augustin had adopted towards her, she dreamed of conquering the one who had failed to conquer her, of converting this ardent Christian to the only religion of life. . . ."

Tannhäuser at the Shrine of the Virgin.
From a drawing in colour by Byam Shaw.
From "Tannhäuser." The Great Opera Series. Edited by J. Cuthbert Hadden. (Jack.)

Fanny succeeded where Augustin had failed. There came a moment when in answer to her triumphant question: "Do you love me?" he cried: "I love you." "More than your salvation? Even to sin?" "Even to damnation and to eternal death."

But to such a temperament remorse was inevitable. Augustin left Fanny; and for a time his mother and his religion were the conquerors. But soon Augustin died because he had no interest in life, died with the words on his lips, "Night is falling," for at the last his faith had forsaken him.

Madame Tinayre's next novel, "La Rebelle," while ranking far below "La Maison du Péché," is a work of great distinction and significance. Here we find her preaching her gospel of femininity, the higher development of woman by the unloosing of the bonds, economic, social and religious, which have so long fettered her. Madame Tinayre has herself said that her ideal woman is a creature with the body of a woman, the heart of a man, and the head of an angel. Her heroines, while bountifully endowed with feminine charm, are strong, virile creatures, pure of heart and above all things sincere, not only towards others, but what is so much more difficult, towards themselves. Such is Denise Cayrol in "L'Ombre de l'Amour." The theme of this novel, with a translation of which Mr. John Lane has just presented us, is pity inspiring love. How far love and how far pity enter into the sentiment which leads Denise to give herself to her father's consumptive patient it is difficult to tell, and we doubt whether Denise herself knew. There are those who have condemned this novel as being morbid, and in the hands of another writer such a theme might have savoured too strongly of the sick-room, but Madame Tinayre's charm of style and treatment rescue it from this danger. And "L'Ombre de l'Amour" is one of her finest works, in my opinion ranking in order of merit next to "La Rebelle."

The work of Madame Tinayre bristles with problems of life and destiny. Although her views of these problems may be clearly discerned in her pages, she is too complete an artist to write her novels with an obvious purpose; her best works are essentially novels of ideas, but the ideas are kept in their place. Two of her books, "Notes d'une Voyageuse en Turquie" and to a lesser degree her last, "La Douceur de Vivre," may be described as impressions of travel. The first relates the revolution at Constantinople, the early days of the new régime and the life of women in the harem. The second interweaves into a substantial web of plot the author's impressions of Italian life, of Naples and of Pompeii, contrasting the sweetness of existence in those southern climes with its asperities in a more northern latitude.

In one of her novels, "La Vie Amoureuse de François de Barbazanges," Madame Tinayre in a somewhat precious manner enters the realm of pure phantasy. Her next book, we hear, is to give her impressions of England.

BRÜNNHILDE.
By ARTHUR RACKHAM.

**From "The Rhinegold and The Valkyrie."
With illustrations in colour by Arthur Rackham. (Heinemann.)**

New Books.

MARIE CORELLI'S NEW ROMANCE.*

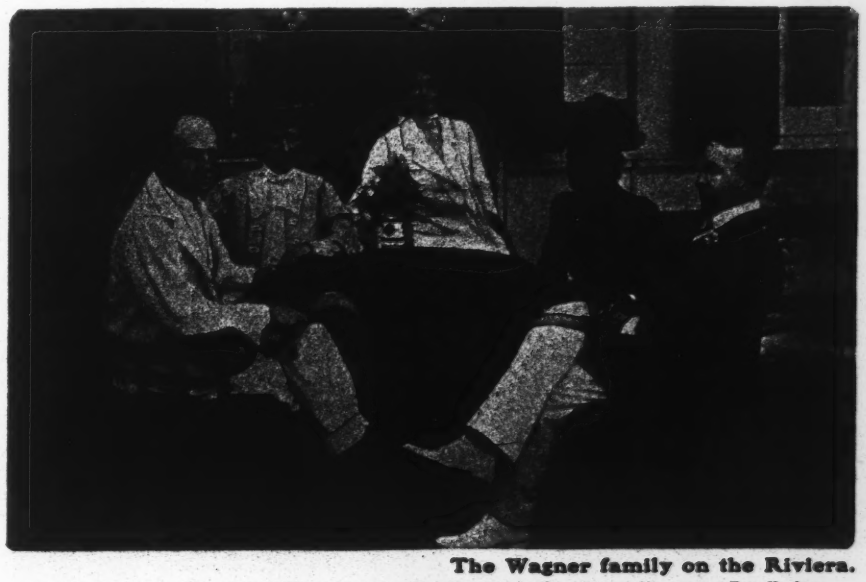
However much opinion may differ concerning the books of Miss Marie Corelli, there is no denying their popularity, and no denying either that they are popular in spite of, or at all events independently of, the critics; for she still maintains an implacable attitude towards reviewers and allows no copies of any new work of hers to be sent to members of that race. Therefore I have had to pay four-and-sixpence for my copy of "The Life Everlasting," or somebody has paid it for me, and I am able to sit in judgment on it unhampered by any fine feeling that I have no right to look a gift horse in the mouth. I have acquired my horse in return for hard cash and need have no hesitation in saying precisely what I think of its points and paces.

What is called the secret of Miss Corelli's phenomenal hold upon the reading public has been explained to me more than once by people who seemed to know all about it, but these explanations have generally disagreed with each other and nearly always left me more or less in the dark; certainly none of them has been simpler nor more convincing than the latest that has been given to me. No longer ago than last week I visited a friend who happens to be a busy London doctor, and among the rows of severely technical books in his comfortable library there is one shelf devoted exclusively to the works of Marie Corelli; he has, I believe, all the books she has published including this latest of them, which he had just finished reading. "I am not often at leisure to sit down and read anything by way of recreation," he said, when I moved him to account for his choice of literature, "but when I am I like a good novel, and as a rule, unless I go back and re-read the old novelists, I can't get one. Not one that is any good to me. Take your new historical romances—thin and colourless as water, most of them, with a bread-and-butter love tale running through that would bore anybody but a schoolgirl. Then for your novels of modern life—when they are not merely novelised police reports they are a highly spiced rehash of Divorce Court proceedings, or some slavishly realistic tale of the sort of disagreeable people who live next door. That's no use to me—that isn't what I want. I see so much of the misery and the ordinary sordid everyday life of average people, and read so much about it in the newspapers, that when I open a novel I don't find any pleasure in reading all about it there all over again. I like a novel that takes me out of myself, that shows me unfamiliar sides of life, helps me to forget the worrying little world I earn my living in, and to remember the things of the spirit—one that carries me out of this conventional, mean little suburb that I get very tired of into the larger city of the soul that is more real than London if once you can get into touch with it, and more alive with all the elements of wonder and mystery and romance. I have grown dull and practical and incapable of dreaming, and my favourite novelists are those who have imagination enough to dream for me and tell me their dreams. That's what Marie Corelli does; she does not painfully copy the life that we all know, but imaginatively reveals something of the eternal beauty and mystery that lie behind it, and she has never done it with more poetic insight, with greater power of vision than in this new romance of hers, 'The Life Everlasting.'"

Since then I have read "The Life Everlasting" myself and am inclined to agree with him. As a story, perhaps, it is not so impressive or so full of dramatic colour and movement as "Barabbas" or "The Sorrows of Satan"; it tells a less dramatic story and by means of fewer characters than you have in "The Romance of Two Worlds" or "The Soul of Lilith," with which two romances one might more easily compare it. But in its obvious sincerity of purpose, in sheer force of imagination and utterance, it falls no whit behind its predecessors; here, however, the story more fully subserves the message, the ethical purpose and teaching. Indeed Miss Corelli admits in her prologue: "I should perhaps have preferred, had it been possible, to set forth the incidents narrated in the ensuing romance in the form of separate essays on the nature of the mystic tuition and experience through which some of us in this workaday world have the courage to pass successfully," but she felt she would appeal to a larger audience and more effectively by casting them into narrative form.

In this she was probably right; but Miss Corelli has such glorious courage in her convictions, is so little in awe of the discoveries of the scientists or of those solemn gentry themselves, that her book is eagerly alive with interest, with provocation theories and daring suggestion, whether you read it as a series of essays or as a novel. I shall not attempt any outline of the story; I would as soon try to outline the story of "The Pilgrim's Progress." As for the purpose of the book—it is to deliver anew the too-disregarded old truth that "Life is all Life," and there is no Death. "Nature can and will unveil to us many mysteries that seem supernatural when they are only manifestations of the deepest centre of the purest natural—but nothing can alter Divine Law, or change the system which has governed the Universe from the beginning. And by this Divine Law and system," to quote again from the preface, "we have to learn that the so-called 'dead'

* "The Life Everlasting." By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)



The Wagner family on the Riviera.

Reading from left to right: Gerhard Hauptmann, Frau Eva Chamberlain, Frau Gerhard Hauptmann, Frau Kuchter, and Siegfried Wagner.

are *not* dead—they have merely been removed to fresh life and new spheres of action, under which circumstances they cannot possibly hold communication with us in any way unless they again assume the human form and human existence. In this case (which very frequently happens) it takes not only time for us to know them, but it also demands a certain instinctive receptiveness on our parts, or willingness to recognise them."

This passage presents pretty sufficiently the argument of the book. The narrative is, in the main, of four persons, two men and two women, who come together in the world of to-day and, in a manner, continue and bring to completion the story of two of them—a story that, touched by the malign influences of the other two, has been marred and broken again and again during their various incarnations down through the centuries. Time after time the story has been recommenced and closed again in tragedy, sometimes through the folly of the man Rafel Santoris, and as often through the pride and perversity of the woman, the unnamed heroine herself. It is her pride that now nearly wrecks their lives once more. She will not yield to her love for him and link her life with his until she has passed through the same stress of experience as himself and can feel that she is his equal in knowledge and in spiritual growth. If you look at the thing superficially, you may say that the way in which she accomplishes this resolve is theatrical and extravagantly unreal; that the mystic teacher Aselzion is the average Bond Street magician placed in more glamorous surroundings, and that the House of Aselzion is a glittering theatrical scene made weird and mysterious by means of the usual stage lights and glooms and the usual stage traps and tricks and devices. But if you read it all more as you would read Bunyan's allegory, and regard the House of Aselzion as the world, the happenings in it as an adumbration of the trials and terrors and temptations of the world, and Aselzion himself as the Time Spirit who with infinite patience tests us and teaches us all we know—then the whole romance rounds into fulness of meaning—the meaning which, though she does not plainly say so, Miss Corelli assuredly intends it to convey.

In a very interesting prologue Miss Corelli traces certain phases of her literary career, and mentions that six of her books—"A Romance of Two Worlds," "Ardath," "The Soul of Lilith," "Barabbas," "The Sorrows of Satan," and "The Master Christian"—are "the outcome of what I myself have learned, practised, and proved in the daily experiences, both small and great, of daily life," and that they "are the result of a deliberately conceived plan and intention, and are all linked together by the one theory." With "The Life Everlasting" she adds another link to this chain and one that is, in its more frankly didactic fashion, as original and brilliant a piece of workmanship as any but the two best of the other six.

S. J.

"F. J. F."

It is on record that the earliest publication of Frederick James Furnivall was a pamphlet issued in 1850 on "Association a Necessary Part of Christianity." This was in advocacy of the principle of co-operation as understood by F. D. Maurice and his Christian Socialist disciples. This principle was the basis of Furnivall's work in philanthropy, in the advancement of learning, and in the promotion of good literature. Something of what co-operation as taught and practised by Dr. Furnivall can do for scholarship may be seen in the "New Oxford Dictionary" and in the issues of the Early English Text Society; something of what it has done for the study of literature may be seen in the activities of the Chaucer, Shakespeare, Shelley, and Browning Societies. And now we have the application of the same principle to what is in reality a co-operative biography of "F. J. F.," that many-sided man who was as much at home when sculling on the Thames as when reading a mediæval MS. in the British Museum, and who was the same cheery, inspiring person at a children's outing, a girls' club, or a gathering of the Philological Society.* The book opens with a good serviceable biographical sketch, written by Mr. John Munro, and this is followed by forty-nine articles by as many people, showing how Furnivall impressed all sorts and conditions of men and women. Thus we see him from the point of view of Continental scholars such as Brandl, Jusserand, Flügel, and Cino Chiarini; of philologists such as Sir James Murray and Dr. Henry Bradley; of novelists such as Beatrice Harraden, Anthony Hope, and Richard Whiteing. There are tributes from historians as well as from rowing men. On one page we have the testimony of a musical composer or an actor, on another the regretful reminiscences of a waitress in an A.B.C. shop. My own acquaintance with Furnivall stretched over many years, and we had many sympathies in common, but it was only on somewhat rare visits to London that I came into personal contact with him. An inquiry from him through a common friend about a trifle I had written on a seventeenth-century forerunner of co-operation began our intercourse, and it was strengthened by our interest in Chaucer and "Huchown of the Awle Ryale" and Shelley.

The jovial aspect, the ebullient vitality, the spring and energy of movement, physical and mental, the intense capacity for the realisation of life of this vigorous scholar gave him a position that was all his own. He was an individual and not a type. A vegetarian for years, a teetotaler for many more, a Radical who delighted in flaming ties and denunciations of the House of Lords, an agnostic who went about doing good, a man of strong language and the frankest of pointed criticisms, he had yet the magnetic charm that made him a leader of men. Doubtless the Victorian age had greater scholars than Furnivall, but it had none who did more, or even so much, for scholarship as he did. He worked for ideals, not for money. His off-hand fashion of doing things irritated some people, but he caused the needed work to be done before these fastidious persons could decide to "make an effort." Kind-hearted as he was, Furnivall was fierce in controversy. He and Swinburne exhibited the grotesque spectacle of a great scholar and a great poet, who was also a great critic, slanging each other like two bargees. But there was no deliberate malice in Furnivall's controversial pugnacity. One characteristic touch is recorded by Mr. A. W. Pollard, who says, "I well remember how in one of his latest public controversies he nonplussed his adversary by sending him a series of friendly postcards while hitting out at him in a newspaper." Furnivall in the *Reader* made an odd blunder when reviewing Latham's edition of Johnson's Dictionary. Many biographers think that their heroes should be declared impeccable and omniscient, and would have suppressed all notice of this curious episode, but Mr. Munro very properly mentions it. That Furnivall should have assumed he was reading Latham's preface when he was really reading that of Johnson is strange, but only a strong man could have stood against the objurgations and the laughter caused by that incident.†

I have seen Dr. Furnivall at work, and at civic banquets, and at less formal symposia where "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" was chiefly associated with tea, coffee, and cake, but it is pleasantest to think of him now as he was to be seen in the grounds of the British Museum feeding the pigeons from a capacious pocket. A ruddy,

* "Frederick James Furnivall: A Volume of Personal Record." With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Frowde.)

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William E. A. Axon.

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That is a high ambition, and, with every succeeding volume, Mr. Macfall seems to me to come nearer to its fulfilment. We shall not agree with all his estimates. He is clearly on the warpath, challenging our pet authorities, tilting at our cherished opinions, underrating perhaps overmuch the importance of our private apartments in the Palace of Art, where we horde up "Art for Art's sake" and other cherished theories which are caviare to the many, yet convincing us, ever against our will, that the people's hunger for art is the first thing that must be satisfied, that art is no mere trivial thing, a charm, a pleasure, a luxury, but as he says, "a majestic, a profound, a democratic thing—of vast consequence and absolute need to every intelligent human being." A practical artist, he found himself impelled to create something for which he had no excuse or guidance *in reason*. More than that, he found himself asking, like the little drudge in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," what was he here for? What was the object of Art? What was the basic significance of his work? Did it mean something or nothing? And, after much pondering, the answer came to him, not that Art was Beauty—it might indeed be the very opposite—but that it was a means by which a man may convey into the senses of his fellows that which he himself has felt—a thing which speech alone could not do. Personally I could wish that Mr. Macfall had gone a step further. I wish he had said what I cannot but believe he must have felt, that the real artist is a seer who can show us by his art things worth seeing which we could never have discovered for ourselves. It may be the Beauty of Beauty, it may be Henley's "Beauty of Ugliness," it may even be the Ugliness of Beauty, it may be Truth, it may be Untruth, it may be a thousand things but, if it is the work of a sincere artist, it will be something worth knowing.

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are *not* dead—they have merely been removed to fresh life and new spheres of action, under which circumstances they cannot possibly hold communication with us in any way unless they again assume the human form and human existence. In this case (which very frequently happens) it takes not only time for us to know them, but it also demands a certain instinctive receptiveness on our parts, or willingness to recognise them."

This passage presents pretty sufficiently the argument of the book. The narrative is, in the main, of four persons, two men and two women, who come together in the world of to-day and, in a manner, continue and bring to completion the story of two of them—a story that, touched by the malign influences of the other two, has been marred and broken again and again during their various incarnations down through the centuries. Time after time the story has been recommenced and closed again in tragedy, sometimes through the folly of the man Rafel Santoris, and as often through the pride and perversity of the woman, the unnamed heroine herself. It is her pride that now nearly wrecks their lives once more. She will not yield to her love for him and link her life with his until she has passed through the same stress of experience as himself and can feel that she is his equal in knowledge and in spiritual growth. If you look at the thing superficially, you may say that the way in which she accomplishes this resolve is theatrical and extravagantly unreal; that the mystic teacher Aselzion is the average Bond Street magician placed in more glamorous surroundings, and that the House of Aselzion is a glittering theatrical scene made weird and mysterious by means of the usual stage lights and glooms and the usual stage traps and tricks and devices. But if you read it all more as you would read Bunyan's allegory, and regard the House of Aselzion as the world, the happenings in it as an adumbration of the trials and terrors and temptations of the world, and Aselzion himself as the Time Spirit who with infinite patience tests us and teaches us all we know—then the whole romance rounds into fulness of meaning—the meaning which, though she does not plainly say so, Miss Corelli assuredly intends it to convey.

In a very interesting prologue Miss Corelli traces certain phases of her literary career, and mentions that six of her books—"A Romance of Two Worlds," "Ardath," "The Soul of Lilith," "Barabbas," "The Sorrows of Satan," and "The Master Christian"—are "the outcome of what I myself have learned, practised, and proved in the daily experiences, both small and great, of daily life," and that they "are the result of a deliberately conceived plan and intention, and are all linked together by the one theory." With "The Life Everlasting" she adds another link to this chain and one that is, in its more frankly didactic fashion, as original and brilliant a piece of workmanship as any but the two best of the other six.

S. J.

"F. J. F."

It is on record that the earliest publication of Frederick James Furnivall was a pamphlet issued in 1850 on "Association a Necessary Part of Christianity." This was in advocacy of the principle of co-operation as understood by F. D. Maurice and his Christian Socialist disciples. This principle was the basis of Furnivall's work in philanthropy, in the advancement of learning, and in the promotion of good literature. Something of what co-operation as taught and practised by Dr. Furnivall can do for scholarship may be seen in the "New Oxford Dictionary" and in the issues of the Early English Text Society; something of what it has done for the study of literature may be seen in the activities of the Chaucer, Shakespeare, Shelley, and Browning Societies. And now we have the application of the same principle to what is in reality a co-operative biography of "F. J. F.," that many-sided man who was as much at home when sculling on the Thames as when reading a mediæval MS. in the British Museum, and who was the same cheery, inspiring person at a children's outing, a girls' club, or a gathering of the Philological Society.* The book opens with a good serviceable biographical sketch, written by Mr. John Munro, and this is followed by forty-nine articles by as many people, showing how Furnivall impressed all sorts and conditions of men and women. Thus we see him from the point of view of Continental scholars such as Brandl, Jusserand, Flügel, and Cino Chiarini; of philologists such as Sir James Murray and Dr. Henry Bradley; of novelists such as Beatrice Harraden, Anthony Hope, and Richard Whiteing. There are tributes from historians as well as from rowing men. On one page we have the testimony of a musical composer or an actor, on another the regretful reminiscences of a waitress in an A.B.C. shop. My own acquaintance with Furnivall stretched over many years, and we had many sympathies in common, but it was only on somewhat rare visits to London that I came into personal contact with him. An inquiry from him through a common friend about a trifle I had written on a seventeenth-century forerunner of co-operation began our intercourse, and it was strengthened by our interest in Chaucer and "Huchown of the Awle Ryale" and Shelley.

The jovial aspect, the ebullient vitality, the spring and energy of movement, physical and mental, the intense capacity for the realisation of life of this vigorous scholar gave him a position that was all his own. He was an individual and not a type. A vegetarian for years, a teetotaler for many more, a Radical who delighted in flaming ties and denunciations of the House of Lords, an agnostic who went about doing good, a man of strong language and the frankest of pointed criticisms, he had yet the magnetic charm that made him a leader of men. Doubtless the Victorian age had greater scholars than Furnivall, but it had none who did more, or even so much, for scholarship as he did. He worked for ideals, not for money. His off-hand fashion of doing things irritated some people, but he caused the needed work to be done before these fastidious persons could decide to "make an effort." Kind-hearted as he was, Furnivall was fierce in controversy. He and Swinburne exhibited the grotesque spectacle of a great scholar and a great poet, who was also a great critic, slanging each other like two bargees. But there was no deliberate malice in Furnivall's controversial pugnacity. One characteristic touch is recorded by Mr. A. W. Pollard, who says, "I well remember how in one of his latest public controversies he nonplussed his adversary by sending him a series of friendly postcards while hitting out at him in a newspaper." Furnivall in the *Reader* made an odd blunder when reviewing Latham's edition of Johnson's Dictionary. Many biographers think that their heroes should be declared impeccable and omniscient, and would have suppressed all notice of this curious episode, but Mr. Munro very properly mentions it. That Furnivall should have assumed he was reading Latham's preface when he was really reading that of Johnson is strange, but only a strong man could have stood against the objurgations and the laughter caused by that incident.†

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genius of the Renaissance had concerned itself largely in the classic aim of creating the type, smoothing out the differences of character, in an aim of Beauty and the Ideal." That had been the *unconscious tendency* of the forerunners, the pre-Raphaelites, the *deliberate intention* of the South's finest fruit, Raphael, Leonardo, and Michelangelo.

Compare with this the Northern genius whose whole art and glory are deep-rooted in character, with whom, in conjunction with Spain, portraiture reached its supreme achievement, which adored *the differences* of individuals, refusing to grind all men and women to one pattern. "Watch," as Mr. Macfall says in his happier manner—"watch the exquisite agonies of the pencil of the North; see how the cunning eye of the North guides the inquisitive brush—cunningly searching out each little difference of, each different feature in, everything upon which it looks! With what fastidious care, even when the brush sweeps with forthright mastery over the canvas, the hand and eye follow each form that pronounces character—whether of a Dutch bottle, an apple, the cattle in the fields, the mood of the hour, the distinctions of men." Take, for example, that very soul, so to speak, of the Italian Renaissance, about whom all the world was talking a month ago [perhaps, indeed, is still talking, for at this moment of writing the picture has not been recovered], "La Giaconda," the seductress of the universe, before whom men have sat for hours spell-bound by her unattainable beauty, dazed by her ever-changing smile, and compare the idealism that is in her with some such realistic Northern portrait as Jan van Eyck's "Man with the Red Chaperon," or Holbein's "Duchess of Milan." There you have the thing in a nutshell—Idealism *versus* Realism—each with a different aim and each winning its place in the hierarchy of art. That, as Mr. Macfall justly points out, is the great essential difference. There were, of course, many minor differences and many overlappings, as each individual painter followed the bent of his own character, or was influenced more or less by masters of the rival schools, but these we must leave to the readers of Mr. Macfall's suggestive writing (and we trust they may be many) to discover for themselves.

So much then for the first of these volumes. In the second, which deals with "The Dutch Genius," he emphasises the cardinal differences between the art of the Netherlanders north and south of the Rhine. "The Southerners, the Flemish, were of the less virile breed; they bowed the neck to Spain—and it followed, as the night the day, that they thereby began to scorn themselves and to seek an alien culture in Italy. Their art speedily lost its reality and lisped an alien tongue." True Rubens, Jordaens, and Van Dyck, their supremest, largely possessed their own souls, but even they, "by the Italian accent they affected," so far shackled their high enterprise. But far otherwise it was with the independent Northerners, who scorned to surrender body or soul to any race whatsoever. As, "sword in hand, and taking to the sea, the Dutchmen leagued themselves together in the death-bond, fought against enormous odds for freedom, and stood forth triumphant," so they demonstrated their independence in their undying art, vindicating its claim to be democratic and the rightful heirship of the brotherhood of man, which the Church and aristocracy had so bitterly assailed. As Mr. Macfall says, "It may be, and probably is, that the ordinary bookish critic, being about as advanced in artistic sensing as the primitives, feels the art in the halting endeavour rather than in the fuller and deeper art of a greater day; but he who can sense art more fully will receive into his vision a more profound and resonant art from the master-work of Hals, Rembrandt, and Vermeer."

So, to sum up the main lessons of these two volumes. Netherlandish Art grew greater and greater so long as it was content to remain the legitimate descendant of its own virile traditions. The moment it began to set its cap at the antique, to yield to the seductions of the Italians, it became something bastard, tainted, a weak parody of a great original.

I am aware that the above is a very inadequate purview of Mr. Macfall's inspiring and suggestive letterpress. But I trust that it will prove efficacious to send the student of Art to the work itself. Its marvel of cheapness, its beautiful format, its delightful illustrations, its clear and suggestive maps, combine to make it acceptable in the highest degree. True, those who already possess the same publishers' "National Gallery, with 100 plates in colour," may regret the use of *clichés* by way of illustration, but they should remember that it is ill manners to look a gift-horse in the mouth, and really these volumes at three half-crowns apiece are little less than a presentation. How it can be done at the price and yet yield a profit to the publishers is nothing less than a mystery. I am almost tempted to think that Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack are philanthropists, and do it for the mere love of their craft.

In conclusion there is one point which adds to this work a peculiar zest, which raises curiosity to a high pitch, which makes us impatient for the three volumes yet to be published, which will surely send all the quidnuncs running to buy them. I cannot do better than quote Mr. Macfall's own words. "Be it remembered always," he says boldly in one place, "that modern Art employs a wide gamut, of which even Velasquez and Rembrandt could not, or did not, touch the full music." And not less courageously in another, "No great movement in art goes back beyond the latest fulfilment; in each phase there are false artists who mimic ancient endeavour, working alongside of the forward-seeing and vital genius. . . . The mere worldly success of the false has often been as remarkable as its passing into contempt with the verdict of time. At no time has the need for this calm survey of art been more necessary than to-day, when criticism, baffled by sudden revelation of new movements, as it was baffled under Ruskin on the appearance and triumph of Impressionism, stands uncertain what to approve and what to condemn—unable to see what is true and what false in *the new movement that has dropped out of the blue*."

That, though somewhat mixed in metaphor, appears to be a distinct promise that the true meaning of Post-Impressionism will be justly considered by one who is broad-minded and wise enough not to belaud the antique merely because it is antique, nor to belittle the modern merely because it is of to-day. Personally I look forward to Mr. Macfall's eighth volume with the liveliest anticipation, admiring his courage and envious of his optimism.

G. S. LAYARD.

MARGARET HARDING.*

"Margaret Harding" is a fine novel; I think it is only not a great one because Mr. Gibbon did not choose to attempt the grand manner. It is perhaps rather a pity that this admirable piece of work should have been described as the last of a South African trilogy—a brave word suggesting that it is Mr. Gibbon's final contribution to the problem of the colour question. For, regarded in that light, it has no special value, and there is no evidence that its author puts it forward as anything of the kind. He merely takes the colour line as one of the given things in his situation, as a fact which has to be recognised by the persons of his play. The view of the average, sane man, represented here by old Mr. Samson and the younger Mr. Ford, is that men and women are not "on their own" in this world: they have to think of the rest of the crowd: that at present, on the karoo, the white people have to hold up the credit of the race and cannot afford to have deserters going over to the other camp. Even supposing there was nothing else to prevent a white

* "Margaret Harding." By Perceval Gibbon. 6s. (Methuen.)

woman from having any dealings with a nigger, it would be lowering the flag for her to do so. It is conceivable that, in some remote future, evolution may obliterate the colour line, but people who are not prophets need not speculate about what will happen then. Here, and now, the colour line is an irresistible fact.

In this story Kamis stands on one side of the line. He is the son of a Kafir who has been hanged by the British: taken to England as a boy and generously maintained by the Government, Kamis has qualified as a physician and returns to his native land with vague ideas of helping his own people. But they will have none of him: he hardly knows their language, and from long residence in England has seen them through the white man's eyes. So he is an isolated figure, tragic in his solitariness. Margaret Harding stands on the other side of the line, but, broad-minded and progressive, is reluctant to acknowledge the impassability of the boundary. She is sympathetic with this quiet, cultured man and holds out the hand of friendship to him. He kisses it—and is seen doing so. And thenceforward the karoo has no use for Margaret Harding and she has to return to England. Attendant on these two figures is a group of other people, and the outstanding merit of Mr. Gibbon's achievement is the actuality he gives to every one of these, and the poignancy of the life-story of each of them. The interrelation of plot and character is perfectly managed, and the book is a triumph of technical skill. It will stand out in the memory of all who read it as a live book and as a highly finished piece of literary art. Further it is a good guarantee that Mr. Gibbon will write great novels some day. That day will probably come soon.

Cranstoun Metcalfe.

THE GASKELL COLLECTION AT MANCHESTER.*

Mrs. Gaskell is said to have expressed a wish that her works should be her only memorial; if that is so, this unique collection, not only of her own works, but also of those of her husband, the Rev. William Gaskell, M.A., a distinguished minister, a cultured lecturer, and the author of many beautiful hymns, would have met with her unqualified approval.

This Bibliographical Guide, with its five well-chosen illustrations, deserves most cordial recognition, for it reveals years of untiring zeal and patient research in many directions, and the arrangement and compilation have been done by Mr. Green on a most methodical and systematic plan, much in advance of the "Hand List to the Gaskell Collection" which he compiled in 1903. Bibliographers are the most modest of the literary fraternity, for they are content to be helpful and do not dogmatise, but their work is invaluable to students.

Mrs. Gaskell is best known by "Mary Barton," "Cranford," and the "Life of Charlotte Brontë," as the numerous editions noted in this Guide prove, but it may possibly surprise many people of this generation to find that she wrote eight complete novels, besides some forty articles and short stories, in her brief literary career.

This Collection of the different editions and the numerous appreciations and criticisms relating to Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell's works, owes its origin to Dr. W. E. A. Axon, who is an ardent devotee of the Gaskells.

The Moss Side Library, in which the Collection is housed, is built on the very site so beautifully described in the opening chapter of Mrs. Gaskell's first novel, "Mary Barton," and therefore no more appropriate spot could have been chosen for a Gaskell memorial. The Library was opened in 1897 by the present Duke of Argyll. Dr. Axon was the first Chairman of the Committee, and it is to his unwearying research, so ably seconded by Mr. J. A. Green, the Librarian at Moss Side, that so many of the early and almost forgotten writings of Mrs. Gaskell have been brought to light. To Gaskell students, this Collection is most interesting, for here are not only the early editions, but also the old copies of the *Ladies' Companion*—once a popular magazine—*Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, and the *Cornhill Magazine*, in which "Mr. Harrison's Confessions," "Cranford," "North and South," "The Grey Woman," "Cousin Phillis," and the author's last and best work, "Wives and Daughters," were first published.

Mrs. Gaskell's own daughters, Miss Meta Gaskell and the late Miss Julia Gaskell, have helped very materially to make this memorial as complete as possible, and the substantial mahogany bookcase, which has had to be enlarged since the Gaskell Centenary Commemoration on September 29, 1910, was their gift. On learning that there was no copy of the little booklet containing "The Sexton's Hero," which Mrs. Gaskell contributed to the Capesthorne Fête in 1850, for the benefit of the Public Baths and Washhouses at Macclesfield, they succeeded in tracing a copy, for which they cheerfully paid two guineas. They have also presented the original manuscript of "Crowley Castle," beautifully bound, and several photographs of their parents and the home at Plymouth Grove, together with original letters from Charles Dickens and others, all of which were exhibited in the King Street Library last September.

The Gaskell Centenary Celebration produced much additional material, and Mr. Green has secured copies of almost all the different articles and appreciations, though his vigilant eye missed a few, including one written and illustrated by the Rev. C. S. Sargisson in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, and one by the Rev. J. Macartney Wilson, B.D., in the *Presbyterian Messenger*.

In addition to the bibliography, Mr. Green has noted almost all the writers, great and small, who have written anything concerning Mrs. Gaskell, and, excluding the numerous newspaper articles, he gives some seventy contributors. Under the heading of Autographs and Manuscripts are five of Mrs. Gaskell's letters, but on examining them it is tantalising to find that in four cases the day of the month, but not the year, is given, and evidently the envelopes have not been preserved to help in fixing the date. These letters are quite characteristic, and serve to illustrate Mrs. Gaskell's kind and benevolent spirit.

Mr. Green has unearthed two fresh items—"The Scholar's Story" in the Christmas Number of *Household Words*, 1853, which he tells us is based upon a Breton ballad translated by Mr. Gaskell, and containing some introductory remarks by Mrs. Gaskell, and an article on Robert Gould Shaw, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for December, 1863, by Mrs. Gaskell.

Almost every year adds something to the Gaskell bibliography. It is said on good authority that Mrs. Gaskell contributed to the *Daily News* in the 'fifties, but diligent search has not been successful, and there is no record in the book of payments to contributors.

In the Chronological List, Mr. Green has omitted "The Cage at Cranford," first published in *All the Year Round* in 1863, but as it is in the Collection, it has probably been left out in deference to Mrs. Gaskell's wish, as it is said to be the one story that she regretted writing. The two fragments of "Ghost Stories" are included; they were not published until 1906, but the pathetic little poem written in 1836, "On Visiting the Grave of my Still-born Little Girl," which was also published for the first time in the Knutsford edition of Mrs. Gaskell's works in 1906, is not noted, though perhaps it is too short to merit a separate item. The French translation of "Cousin Phillis" is evidently not in the Collection; it was translated by E. D. Forques, and appeared first in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, April and May, 1866, and was afterwards issued in one volume, with an introduction by Mme. Louise Sw. Belloc.

"Cranford" heads the list with some forty editions, from

* "A Bibliographical Guide to the Gaskell Collection in the Moss Side Library." By John Albert Green. (Manchester: Reference Library, King Street, 1911.)

almost as many different publishers, which proves that Mrs. Gaskell was a true prophet when she said to one of her daughters, "If my name is ever immortalised, it will be through 'Cranford.'" Mr. Green seems to have noted all the editions of "Cranford" that have an introduction except the one ably edited by Martin W. Sampson, Professor of English in Indiana University. It contains a few minor errors, but is interesting as being written for American students, and it has an admirable glossary.

In the iconography are the photographs of the marble bust of Mrs. Gaskell sculptured by D. Dunbar in 1829, the exquisite miniature by Thompson of Edinburgh in 1832, and the drawings by George Richmond in 1851 and by Samuel Laurence in 1864, but the only actual photograph of Mrs. Gaskell, taken by Alexander McGlashon in Edinburgh in 1851, is not mentioned, though an enlarged framed copy was in the library last year, when a photograph of the Gaskell Collection was taken. There are now living some who once knew Mrs. Gaskell, who testify to the truthfulness of the portrait, though they do not like the pose of the head.

It is questionable if Manchester will ever be able to boast of a Gaskell Museum, or if there will ever be a Gaskell Society, as in the case of Charlotte Brontë, but this Gaskell Collection serves to keep green the revered memory of both Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell, of whom Manchester is justly proud, though Knutsford, "my dear adopted native town," as Mrs. Gaskell was wont to call it, is a very near rival with its Gaskell Memorial Tower and the actual old houses in which Mrs. Gaskell and her relatives lived in the Cranford days, when the sense of *noblesse oblige* was ever present amongst the kindly neighbours of that old-world little Cheshire town.

ESTHER ALICE CHADWICK.

"A MOST WORTHY LADY."*

When, with her late husband, Mrs. Charles Calvert was about to sail for the United States in the middle seventies of the last century, Tom Taylor—presiding at a farewell dinner—presented her with a handsome bracelet subscribed for by a circle of admirers. The bracelet bore, as inscription, Shakespeare's line from "The Winter's Tale"—"A Most Worthy Lady and One Whom much we Honour"; and the tribute was as apt as it was well-deserved. To the present generation of playgoers, Mrs. Calvert is known merely as a diverting actress of old-women parts; and in these rôles admittedly she has no living superior. But our grandfathers (at any rate the grandfathers of those of us who were so fortunate as to be reared in the provinces) knew her as a great actress in the classic drama: an actress whom Ristori delighted to honour as friend and colleague, and a pioneer in that popularisation of Shakespearean plays with which Londoners are inclined more readily to associate the names of Irving and Tree, and perhaps Mr. F. R. Benson. The Calverts did for the nobler sort of drama in Manchester what Hallé did for the finer kind of music; they brought it to the crowd without in any way degrading it.

Irving and Calvert were fellow-actors in the country before Irving became famous; and over their prosaic suppers of Irish stew they dreamed together vast dreams of what they would do for the popular theatre should kind Providence some day send them a full purse or a benevolent millionaire. At the Prince's, Manchester, Calvert staged Shakespeare with a scholarly taste and a liberality of scene and costume hitherto unthought of; and from Manchester he took his visible message of Shakespearean possibilities in commercial entertainment to Birmingham. At the Lyceum, London, Irving improved upon the example; and after Irving came others, most notably Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's. It is not my business to discuss here whether or not the art of acting and the finance of the drama have suffered at all by the new method; certain is it that the increased beauty and elaboration of our present-day productions—including the added attention paid to the musical features of the programme—have attracted to the revivals of Shakespeare's plays an enormous public that otherwise would not have been attracted: a fact which, more possibly than any other, has been responsible for the breaking down of ultra-Puritan prejudice against the theatre. If Mrs. Calvert's "Sixty-Eight Years on the Stage" had no other claim to notice, it would be justified by the light thrown through its pages upon the early phases of this upward movement of the drama and dramatic taste in England, and especially upon the old-time actors who played an almost forgotten part in the reformation.

Mrs. Calvert's volume, however, does more than this: much more than simply to illuminate the life behind the scenes and before the footlights in the days when actresses were such unimportant folk as to accept gladly the cast-off clothes of patrons of the theatre, to re-make them with their own hands, and to wear them proudly at their professional work; or to contrast those days with our own, when the stage favourite is a conspicuous personage socially even though he (or she) be less certain of remunerative employment all the year round. Mrs. Calvert has come into contact with many interesting people, more or less directly through her work as an actress—most of them she has met at the theatre, the upbringing of a fairly numerous family on a precarious income having left her small opportunity for wider acquaintance with society had her inclinations led that way. In America, as a young woman, she met Longfellow, who had gone to hear a leading lady in Indian costume recite a passage from his new poem, "Hiawatha"; she played with Miss Braddon in a Southampton pantomime, when the future novelist was an actress with a happy knack of getting through Shakespearean rôles by improvising most of the dialogue (except the words that gave her fellow-players their cues) and a passion for delivering Tennysonian verse in the solitude of her dressing-room, as well as a useful gift in the making of soups and the stewing of sweetbreads.

Charles Reade Mrs. Calvert knew very well, and she tells how, after the death of his housekeeper, Mrs. Seymour, that wayward and brilliant man continued to have his tea-things laid for two, just as though his friend and confidante were still with him. She quotes also some letters of Reade on the scoundrelism of American publishers and managers and on the wickedness of assisting small boys to worry celebrities for their autographs. Robert Buchanan wrote Mrs. Calvert a charming letter after she had recited his "Judas Iscariot," hinting that she might try her audiences with his "Vision of the Man Accurst," a suggestion that was declined out of respect for the Young Person. Mrs. Alexander Ireland—whose husband was on terms with Ruskin and Carlyle, and wrote "The Book-lovers' Enchiridion"—figures also in this volume with a note concerning the weariness of reading printers' proofs and an imitation of Browning (previously unpublished) called "Coincident Polarity." Her "Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle," it appears, like her book-reviewing for the *Manchester Courier*, was as much an outcome of the disagreeable necessity for boiling the domestic pot as of a passion for literary criticism or biography.

No book of modern reminiscence is complete without its Bernard Shaw epistles, and here are two, quite characteristic. We—and its recipient, our author's son—can pardon Mr. Shaw as generously as needs be for writing one of them, because he it was who, on producing his "Arms and the Man" at the Avenue Theatre, gave a part to Mrs. Calvert (then retired into Cheshire), and so brought her back to the stage—to make a new reputation in her old age by a series of unique studies of elderly womanhood extending continuously over some seventeen years.

* "Sixty-Eight Years on the Stage." By Mrs. Charles Calvert. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

Mrs. Charles Calvert as Mrs. Hardcastle.
From a crayon sketch by Lilian Harris.
From "Sixty Years on the Stage." (Mills & Boon.)

One point about Mrs. Calvert's memories—worth noting, perhaps, in a day of piquant and sometimes venomous recollections—is this: if we except an attack upon the American journalist for his aspersions of Miss Mary Anderson, and a little chaff of Barry Sullivan, most robustious of tragedians and most ill-mannered of men, there is scarce an unkind word, as there is no single improper story, in the whole volume. A most worthy record of "a most worthy lady"!

WILLIAM PURVIS.

THE SECRET TRADITION IN FREEMASONRY.*

This important work stands alone both in the domain of Masonic research and in general literature. Treatises upon Masonry from its external aspects of history and archæology, of greater and more often of less value, have appeared from time to time, but here for the first time Freemasonry and its *quasi*-masonic developments and alliances are exhibited as an expression of the Secret Tradition—the substrate of all ancient and modern systems of the Mysteries and, although perhaps unrecognised by the public and unacknowledged by official theology, of the Christian Church also. Previously, in a few pages of both his "Studies in Mysticism" and "The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal," Mr. Waite has thrown out vedettes of illuminating thought in the direction of his present thesis; he now advances the entire army of his erudition in mystical religion, and his wide and intimate personal experiences of arcane systems, and demonstrates the religio-philosophical groundwork of, and only vital justification for, the Masonic cultus.

The Secret Tradition, even the existence of which is in these days little thought of outside a limited body of students of mystical religion, contains, as Mr. Waite records, firstly, the memorials of a cosmic loss which has befallen humanity, and secondly, the records of a restitution in respect of that which is lost; it is the innermost knowledge—that is to say, it goes deeper than current theological teaching and the practice of conventional piety—concerning man's way of return whence he came, by a method of the inward life. It crops up in many places; in the Graal legends and literature; in the records of ceremonial Magic; in Jewish Cabalism; in Rosicrucianism (to all of which the author has already devoted separate volumes upon lines parallel to the present work); it appears in an accentuated form in the school of the spiritual Alchemists (in regard to whom he promises a similarly designed treatise); and finally, less pointedly perhaps, but most indubitably, in Masonry and its cognate systems, wherein its special method of expression is that of dramatic, symbolic ceremonial. It is not denied, but on the other hand abundantly affirmed, that the Christian Church was instituted to perpetuate and to communicate to its members the same tradition, and to a certain extent even by similar symbolic ceremonial methods, as the great sacramental rites of catholic religion testify. Had that Church perfectly comprehended its task, discharged it adequately and continued to communicate its doctrine (as the treatise by Dionysius upon the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy shows that in its early days it did, and as theoretically the graded Masonic systems still purport to do), in measures proportionate to the moral stature and spiritual receptivity of its members, instead of applying its energies in directions the reverse of spiritual, and placing its adherents upon a universal parity as regards instruction, it is possible that no justification for any collateral method of presentation of religious truth would have arisen. But, however this may be, and the point cannot be discussed here, collateral methods have in fact arisen. The force of the circumstances under which they have developed has caused them to express themselves in terms of concealment, and they have been carried on under conditions of less or greater secrecy, and all, as it would seem, by way of revolt or protest against the inadequacy of current orthodoxy, and to satisfy the spiritual aspirations of those whom the public official systems repelled or left but partially fed. In the series of works of which the present volumes are a part, Mr. Waite has assumed the prodigious task of collating these collateral systems, of explaining their methods, and indicating their community of both origin and purpose.

The present work is not, therefore, a history of Masonry upon its exoteric side. It is an examination of the development and the ramifications of the esoteric content of the Masonic and cognate systems, and is historical only in so far as it has been necessary to allude to the rise or decease from time to time of the very numerous systems of rites fashioned to express, with less or greater fulness and relevance, one or another aspect or apprehension of a common doctrine—that of the present imperfection of man owing to a cosmic primeval disaster, and the possibility and method of his re-integration and restoration to his lost original position. Abstract this religio-philosophical element from Masonry, and there is left a residue that is virtually negligible; a residue consisting merely of instruction in elementary morals, of opportunities for benevolence,

* "The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry; and an Analysis of the Inter-relation between the Craft and the High Grades in respect of their term of research, expressed by the way of Symbolism." By Arthur Edward Waite. 2 Vols., with 28 full-page Plates and many other Illustrations. £2 2s. net. (Rebman & Co.)

philanthropy, and social intercourse, all of which, of course, can be enjoyed without passing beneath the ægis of a secret society. That the generality of Craft Masons fails to realise the essential and mystical purport of their own system is indubitable, as also that any appreciable number of those who have passed on from the Craft to the High and Christianised Grades is aware of the reasons for the alteration of form in which the doctrine is presented in the latter rites. Their deficiency of understanding will be entirely repaired by reference to Mr. Waite's book. They will find in it also the record of many curious events in connection with Secret Orders that have occurred behind the scenes of public history, but have not passed into common knowledge even among Masons, and many interesting lights upon the more hidden side of the lives and aspirations of some great and good men who historically are perhaps little more than names even when they have passed into history at all. And they will obtain, perhaps, more than a suggestion of the fact that there appears to subsist a living force—a body, as it were, of withdrawn watchers and wardens—assisting and moulding the externalised forms and institutions in which certain minds of a more ardent type than their fellows seek to express and to realise their deeper aspirations and that from behind the order of public events is ever actively concerned in seeing that a certain secret should not be withheld from the world whilst there are those—as indeed there must always be—who, amid the innumerable quests and diversions of mundane life, know themselves to be upon that which is the greatest of all quests—the search of the soul for its source.

Éliphas Lévi.

From "The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry," by A. E. Waite. (Rebman.)

This brief and inadequate notice must emphasise two further points. The first is by way of commending the extremely handsome form in which Messrs. Rebman have issued a work that in virtue of its subject-matter and tone demanded a correspondingly appropriate vesture. The second is a notification that Mr. Waite's book is not intended solely for those in actual possession of Masonic qualifications. That to the latter class there is here presented a glass in which the vital aspect of their system has been displayed, and its deep significance interpreted in a manner never before attempted, or, to speak otherwise, that this is by far the most valuable gift in the way of literature that has ever been given to the Masonic Craft, is a fact which the present writer as a member of the fraternity testifies in all sincerity and gratitude, and in respect of which he would bespeak from his fellow-members a warm and wide welcome. But beyond the initiates of formal institutions there is a public, and to-day a rapidly increasing one, as the large output of the literature of mysticism denotes, which amid the present unrest of religious and philosophic thought is keenly interesting itself in those questions with which Masonry and its allied systems indeed deal, but which are not the prerogative of any segregated community since they are such as concern the spiritual life of all. It is for these too that, with a deeply sympathetic and understanding mind and with a voice that speaks, notably in the closing chapters, in tones of moving charity, Mr. Waite has put forth this fine book. It is not merely a contribution to the literature of Masonry and the Mysteries, but a luminous research in, and exposition of, religious philosophy at large from the mystical standpoint, by which any one who thinks seriously in that direction may profit.

W. L. WILMSHURST.

IN THE DAYS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

The periods of violent upheaval in France have offered many a difficulty to the historian. The French Revolution of 1789 presents a steady purpose running like a thread through its involved events, namely the struggle for liberty which was the cause of the revolt of the masses against the classes. But no such theme knits the confused narrative of the Hundred Years' War into an ordered whole. It was crowded with conflicts and counter-conflicts. England fought to obtain and hold the throne of France, the Armagnacs did battle against the Burgundians, the Cabochiens were in open revolt against their betters, and the Free Companies were terrorising the provinces. These diverse struggles had brought the country into a condition of uproar and chaos well-nigh indescribable.

Colonel Haggard in "The France of Joan of Arc" gives an account of the appalling position of affairs between 1380 and 1431, and he has marshalled his facts in a clear and comprehensive manner. Naturally enough he has had to depict many scenes of bloodshed. "How merciless those of this nation have repeatedly proved to their own compatriots ever since its first component races, with their largely Latin foundation, became fused into a nation!" he writes of the Massacre of the Armagnacs. "Surely the French must hold the record for massacres against all the world!" Famine, plague, and poverty were the other gaunt spectres which had possession of France. Before Agincourt the English expected that the conquered country would prove a gold-mine. They were bitterly deceived. The English King succeeded to a barren

* "The France of Joan of Arc." By Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Joan's Home at Dom-Remy.

From "The France of Joan of Arc," by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

heritage in France, and his sovereignty had to be maintained with English gold.

The year 1422 was the most critical of all in this question of kingship. Henry V. of England and the mad Charles VI. of France died between August and October of that year, leaving the throne to be wrested from the grasp of the child Henry VI. by the Kinglet of Bourges, as Charles VII. was then ironically called. The interest, politically speaking, lies, or should lie, chiefly with him. But the author has made of Charles an unsympathetic figure. He might with advantage have studied more carefully the exhaustive life of the king by Du Fresne de Beaucourt. Some critics, it is true, consider that this historian has bestowed upon his hero a halo which shines too brightly, but he has proved that the life of Charles VII. was made up of curious phases, and that he possessed, if he did not always employ, remarkable activity, astuteness, and sound judgment.

Colonel Haggard, however, has no good word to say of this king with a baffling character. He calls him murderer, miserable ingrate, miserable wretch and other such epithets. One chapter of his book is headed "The Dauphin Murders Jean sans Peur," although there is more than a doubt as to the actual part played by the young prince in the terrible affair at Montereau. In his indignation against the king for his behaviour towards Joan of Arc, Colonel Haggard may be justified, but he expresses himself with a vehemence that is too scornful. "Had it been but for a man that was a man," he writes, "some one noble, a being with an idea of right or wrong or of humanity, that Joan was to be called upon to suffer, there might have been some sense in her apparitions—her voices. But for a Charles VII.!"

The final third of the book is entirely devoted to Joan, which is fair enough, for the history of France between 1428 and 1431 is practically the history of the Maid. The author tells the well-known story as pathetically as it has often been told before. He seems to regret the slightest sign of humanity in one who should have been only saint. Joan spoke of the sword she had wielded at Compiègne with complacency. She found it excellent both for striking and thrusting. "When a woman has reached the stage of being able to speak as a connoisseur of the weapon with which she delivers death-dealing blows to her fellow-mortals, the bloom has been rubbed off the peach—she is less womanly, above all, less saintly."

The boldness with which Colonel Haggard sets out to tell of a cruel and barbaric period in French history becomes mingled at this point with a little too much sentiment to be quite consistent, but probably his readers will not enjoy his work the less on that account.

F. Hamel.

A PRINCESS'S STORY.*

Since her dramatic departure from Dresden, the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony has probably been the most talked-of woman in Europe. Her name has been associated with scandalous gossip of every description and, in consequence, the popular conception of the Princess has been an unfavourable one. It seemed amazing that she made no attempt to justify herself and her actions and to soften the censorious judgment of the world.

This inexplicable reticence is now explained. The Princess has written a book entitled "My Own Story," and in a prefatory statement she gives the reasons for her strange silence. "Hitherto," she writes, "I have disdained to reply to those who have maligned me. It has, however, been indicated to me that as my sons are now approaching an age when the mendacious assertions in question may be communicated to them, it is my duty, as their mother, to make public the actual reasons which led to my leaving Dresden, and to my ultimate banishment from Saxony."

The preface serves as an introduction to one of the most interesting autobiographies of recent years, and it possesses additional interest in the fact that it is the first time a member of a great Royal House has unburdened her mind to the world, for, with the exception of "Carmen Sylva's" quiet reminiscences and the domestic diary of the late Queen Victoria, life-stories told by crowned heads are unknown, and probably posterity will never again read such a curious human document as Louisa of Tuscany has written.

The Princess is allied to many of the reigning sovereigns of Europe. She is an Archduchess of the House of Habsburg, a descendant of Maria Theresa and Marie Antoinette, while on her mother's side she is a Bourbon. All the stories she tells are family history, and nothing is second-hand in this amazing book, which carries the impress of truth in every page.

"My Own Story" commences with the childhood and education of the Princess, and we are introduced to her various relations. There is the charming old cynic Duke Charles of Parma with his *risqué* collection of watches and his unmanageable false teeth; we hear all about her uncles, the Archduke Ludwig Salvator who worships the sun at his beautiful retreat in the island of Majorca, the late Archduke Charles, who rivalled Louis XVI.'s mastery of the intricacies of the locksmith's craft; and we are told intimate things about the mysterious "John

* "My Own Story." By Princess Louisa of Tuscany, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Orth." The Princess describes her pretty pleasure-loving mother and her father, the late Grand Duke of Tuscany, of whom she says "he was the best of fathers and most charming of men."

We are let into the secrets of the Coburg alliance once planned for the Princess, and every one will enjoy the account of "Aunt Coffee Mill," and the screaming duet between her and the Grand Duke. We are informed how King Ferdinand of Bulgaria proposed to her in the rose garden at Alcuth, and we are introduced to the prince with "the kindest blue eyes in the world"—Frederick August of Saxony, whom Louisa of Tuscany married in her girlhood, when "no fairer bride," as the *Times* correspondent wrote, "was ever given away by the Imperial House of Habsburg."

The primal note of tragedy is struck at Dresden. The sombre figure of her father-in-law, the fanatical priest-ridden King George of Saxony, casts the first shadow over the young girl's married life; she rebels against his narrow-mindedness, she opposes her will against his with unfortunate consequences, and she awakes to the fact that she is without a friend on whom she can count in her new surroundings. Then comes the happy day when she knows she has hopes of becoming a mother. "I shan't be a Princess to my baby," she reflects, "I shall be just its mother whom it can love to its heart's content and there won't be a single question of etiquette to trouble ourselves about when we are together." But even a mother's privileges are denied her. "Princesses don't do that sort of thing" she is told when she wishes to nurse her first-born son.

It is always the life of restraint which has proved so fatal to so many of the Habsburgs, and we are soon aware of how the affectionate girl gradually becomes more and more alone in her Palace until the terrible day when she first realises that there is some one who hates her, a relentless enemy who is plotting her destruction, and in the chapter entitled "J'accuse" she denounces this man who was once her friend. Many readers will be of opinion that this is the most powerful piece of writing in the book, and there can be no doubt it is one of the most withering indictments ever penned. It is deadly in its cold dignity, and every line makes us feel that the Princess is an excellent hater.

The history of this melancholy Court drama becomes more and more tragic as we near the climax. Struggling against odds, hoping against hope, by turns reckless and defiant, Louisa of Saxony drees her weird. She appeals to her husband, but to no purpose. Frederick August cannot and will not believe that intrigue exists against his idolised wife, and at last the Princess resolves to see her parents and claim their protection. She returns to the home of her childhood; her reception is a gloomy one, for the beloved father is ill, and all he can say to his daughter's entreaties is, "Oh dear, how importunate you are, Louisa!" It is to the infinite credit of Louisa of Tuscany that she has not told the world the whole truth about this visit to Salzburg. Her generous nature has caused her to refrain from stating how King George of Saxony telegraphed to her father and absolutely dared him to shelter his unhappy child, and the Princess has not disclosed her mother's treachery in sending to Dresden a slip of paper which produced lamentable results. Only those who know can best judge of the nobility of her silence.

The flight from Salzburg is told in a graphic way, and the after-events of folly and indiscretion of which she was guilty are related with a simple candour which disarms criticism. It is characteristic of the impartial attitude of the Princess that she even quotes the medical reasons which, according to Dr. W. Brown Thomson, account for the curious lapses of various members of her family.

"My Own Story" is a really remarkable book. It a gold-mine of anecdotes about interesting people, and the touches of pathos and humour are excellent, and are never overdone.

The matter is unique, but it is a pity the Princess has not related an amusing story which is well known in her family concerning her brother Leopold's experiment of leading the Simple Life. For some considerable time the Archduke and his wife lived a semi-wild existence in an inaccessible part of Switzerland, and they were content to exist on nuts and fruit, and to sleep *en plein air*. The Archduke, however, was suddenly seized one day with a desire to return to civilisation, so he betook himself to the nearest town and, after prolonged visits to hairdresser, pedicurist, manicurist, bootmaker, and tailor, he became once more in appearance the smart cavalry officer. He returned to the wood where he had left his wife, but when he saw her unkempt figure descending from a tree, he realised in a flash how appalling he must have looked before his "rehabilitation," and the shock was too much for him and he fled—never to return.

It is possible that a section of the public will be disappointed with "My Own Story," for it is in no sense a *chronique scandaleuse*. The whole book possesses a curious, almost timid, self-restraint which has probably resulted from the fact that it is written by a woman who, knowing what has been said of her and how hardly she has been judged, makes an appeal to the world and is anxious for a fair hearing. Louisa of Saxony has drained life's cup of bitterness to the dregs, and her sufferings must be her best advocate. "My Own Story" will be read and read again, and we think there will be few who will not sympathise with the Princess and wish her a brighter future.

CONFESSIONS OF A VAGABOND.*

This is an admirable book for boys of all ages—especially for boys with grey or bald heads and young hearts. Mr. Patterson has done what we all dreamt of doing. At the age of thirteen he left a comfortable home on a Yorkshire farm and ran away to sea. A little later in life he was out on the Dogger Bank in a small smack; and before he was twenty-one, he had had a hand-to-hand fight with pirates off the Cochin coast. It is a pleasant and surprising thing to find that in this apparently dull, safe, and commonplace world there are still many adventures for the adventurous. Mr. Patterson tells the story of his wild vagrant life in a delightful manner. He has recovered the art of Defoe: his diction is quiet, but exact and expressive; it flows, and the mind of the reader flows with it, in pleasant excitement, out into the world of real romance. The variety of Mr. Patterson's adventures is extraordinary: only in the age of the steamship could a man have encountered so many perils in lands so far apart. Throughout his vagabondage, his interest is absorbed in the study of human nature, and his book is composed of brief, vivid character-sketches and wild stories. It ends in "the street of adventure," where about 1897 the author began a new career as a London journalist. Mr. Patterson found life in Fleet Street as exciting as life on the high seas. He observes:

> "Some folks say there is no adventure nowadays in the channels, backwaters, and lagoons that form the approaches and inlets to the Fleet Street Sea—that adventure went out with the clay pipe some twenty years ago. But those who talk in this strain are only the lordly 'liners' who steam straight through the open sea, and know nothing of the waters beyond. Believe me there is now for every Grub Street Harbour packet of the old days, a little fleet, and the opportunities for adventure have increased."

Now, however, as the author of several fine novels, Mr. Patterson, we hope, is becoming a "lordly liner" himself, with a fair calm voyage before him.

* "My Vagabondage." By J. E. Patterson. 8s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

THE BROAD WAY OF NATURE.*

For those who can read between the lines Mr. Anthony Hope's novel contains the fruits of a mellowed wisdom: more than any of his previous works it will raise him in the estimation of the thoughtful and discerning. To more careless readers this may seem a hard saying; them it will strike as an attack on our existing marriage and divorce laws. If asked to summarise the author's purpose, they would say that just as the relationship between Mr. Lewis and "George Eliot" carried a stigma which would not have attached to it fifty years later when the law had been altered, so Mrs. Maxon's act of defiance and rebellion would not be necessary under the more liberal laws of America. This may be true as a fact, but we question much whether this is the lesson the novelist wishes us to draw. For Mrs. Maxon's is not by any means a typical case, on the contrary rather an extreme one. Many women rush into marriage with a man they know little of, and Ruskin's idea of seven years of probation is not absolutely quixotic, but there must be very few who betray such criminal blindness as the heroine of this story. And having shown such a hopeless want of backbone at first, it is hardly natural that she should develop into such a sturdy rebel afterwards.

The Maxon case is also somewhat peculiar in that there is no child to act as an ambassador between the rival camps. And lastly, such a despot as the husband must surely be a rarity. His best friend and father confessor terms him "really wicked." With such unworthy representatives, can it be wondered at that the institution of marriage becomes a crushing burden? But Mr. Anthony Hope makes it clear that under normal conditions it need be nothing of the sort. "It was in the broad way of nature and broadly successful"; "They" (the Bohemian community who encourage Mrs. Maxon in her "protest") "were too hard on the giant (custom), they girded at him for not trying every conceivable experiment: he grumbled back that he did not want to risk explosion on a large scale." The same thing is well put by the anti-Bohemian: "'You're all heathens.' He wagged a broad forefinger. 'Even a heathen tribe has its customs: better any custom than none.'"

After several lamentable failures, the man with the broad forefinger assists in imparting some very necessary grit into Mrs. Maxon's character: both he and a soldier reveal to her the more excellent way of self-sacrifice to duty, more excellent, that is, than the mere assertion of liberty, and the book closes with a hint of a more excellent way too of regarding marriage than Mrs. Maxon had shown. "Husbands, court your wives," is the final word of our author's mellow wisdom. This mellowness does not in the least detract from the literary charm we know so well. The characters are as alive as ever, and the dialogue is not less sparkling than of yore and not less full of those delicate nuances of which Mr. Anthony Hope is the supreme master.

PARISIAN PORTRAITS.†

This is the third volume of essays which Mr. Grierson has published. "Modern Mysticism" first appeared in 1899, and was republished in 1910. "The Celtic Temperament" was published in 1901. In 1882 he published "Miscellaneous Discourses" (which were spoken in London in 1880). In 1909 appeared a most interesting book, "The Valley of Shadows," which is half novel and half autobiography about his early life in Illinois and Missouri. He has also published a volume in French containing aphorism and short essays. Like most of the "moderns," Mr. Grierson feels that he is living in an age of transition.

* "Mrs. Maxon Protests." By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

† "Parisian Portraits." By Francis Grierson. 2s. 6d. net. (Stephen Swift.)

Photo by Hoppé. **Mr. Anthony Hope.**

A new portrait.

"The Valley of Shadows" is a record of "the passing of the old democracy and the old social system in the United States"; the main theme of "Parisian Portraits" is the passing of Napoleon and the Empire. He is an American saturated with European art culture; in early life, as a successful public pianist, he visited most of the European capitals, but is obviously most at home in Paris. Although he began to write somewhat late in life, his work has now enough bulk and a certain quality to give it a place of its own.

Mr. Grierson's taste is catholic, but he has sufficient personality to have strong dislikes; he is sometimes most interesting even when we most disagree with him. Literary men, particularly those who are good judges, place his work very high, but we fancy it is very little known to the general public, it is never sensational, it has never been boomed, nor has it became fashionable. The reason for the popular attitude may be found in a quotation he gives from Sully Prudhomme: "Art is, by its very nature, aristocratic. It is a principle of superior intelligence, and can never become common. Governments, systems, and religions may change or pass away, but what we call philosophical and artistic culture is the same in spirit to-day as it was in the days of Aristotle and Plato. The mind is the only aristocrat. Poetry, music, the faculty of discrimination, the sense of relation, taste and judgment, these qualities ever remain the rarest things, and they are eternal things."

Mr. Grierson does not write for the "great public," but "Parisian Portraits" is the most generally interesting volume he has yet published. Portraits whether painted or written, if they are the outcome of intimate knowledge and coloured by understanding, and appreciation, are interesting to most people; we are confident that this volume will be found attractive by all who take it up, and that they will not be disappointed by any of its clever sketches. All the characters portrayed have left a mark on the intellectual world by their personality as well as by their actual work, and in every case something of this *personality* has been expressed. Taken as a whole they give a very clear and living picture of the intellectual life

of Paris, and in talking about authors they suggest many points of view which the casual reader would certainly overlook, and much which even the careful reader might not find for himself. For example, in the essay on Dumas (père) he illustrates the point that Dumas believed in the *reality* of all occult phenomena, *but* not in their spiritual origin.

THE LINLEYS OF BATH.*

In these days when the biographer is rampant in the land, and when every person, distinguished or notorious, is paid the compliment of at least one "life," and usually two, and sometimes half a dozen or even, in rare instances, a score, it seems strange that no one has hitherto seen in the Linley family a subject for a book. It was an excellent idea of Miss Clementina Black to essay this task, to which she has brought considerable knowledge and on which she must have spent much time. The annals of the family, outside the musical dictionaries and the encyclopædias, have been mainly recorded in the biographies of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who, as all the world knows, married the sweet-voiced, beautiful Elizabeth Anne Linley, the heroine of Foote's very personal comedy, "The Maid of Bath." To what is generally known about the Linleys, Miss Black is able to add the information she has derived from a perusal of the family papers.

One of the most amazing facts brought home to us by this book is in connection with the newspapers of the latter half of the eighteenth century. In their licence they easily outvied the gutter-press of the United States of a later day, and were at least as outspoken, though not so disgustingly scurrilous, as Theodore Hook's *John Bull* of the 'twenties of the nineteenth century. There is, indeed, a breeziness, a whole-hearted Fieldingian defiance of the minor conventions of society, that is to us who did not live in the period vastly refreshing. What the folks of the time thought may have been somewhat different, since they were not sufficiently remote from the fray to see all the humours of the contest. Thomas Linley, a singing master, said to be almost unrivalled in England, settled at Bath, and gave concerts in the Assembly Rooms of that then still flourishing city. Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Herschel, who in his early days earned his living as a musician, being for a while organist to the Octagon Chapel at Bath, quarrelled with Linley on an occasion when the dates of their concerts clashed. Who was right does not matter seven score years after the event. The only point to make here is that Herschel (or Herchel, as he then signed himself) wrote to the *Bath Chronicle* to explain the circumstances as he saw them, and to announce that "for the future he renounces all Connection with a Character so totally opposite to his own." Linley's reply to the charges brought against him is not convincing, and suggests that he had taken his course to injure, or at least interfere with, a rival musician; but the concluding paragraph of his letter in the *Chronicle* is delicious. "Mr. Herchel may rest assured," he wrote, "that he will not be in the least danger of having any future Connections with Mr. Linley, after having given him such repeated Instances of a mean and contemptible Disposition; and Mr. Linley is happy in having this public Opportunity of vindicating his own Character from the Malice of a Slanderer and of telling him how very sincerely he despises him." Is there any newspaper in the length and breadth of the land that would dare to print such a letter to-day? Such frankness, even at election times, must now be wrapt up: it is not permitted in these civilised times to call a man a slanderer and tell him you despise him. You may only suggest that he is a villain and hint in circuitous phrase that you have the utmost contempt for him. In Linley's day a spade was called a spade. When Sheridan escorted Elizabeth Linley on her flight from Bath to escape persecution by her importunate admirer, Thomas Matthews, that gentleman at once took up his pen and indited a fiery communication to the *Bath Chronicle*. "Mr. Richard S*******," the opening passage ran, "having attempted in a Letter left behind for that Purpose to account for his scandalous Method of running away from this Place by Insinuations, derogating from *my* Character and that of a Young Lady *innocent* as far as relates to *me* or *my Knowledge*; since when he has neither taken any Notice of Letters or even Informed his own Family of the Place where he has hid himself—I can no longer think he deserves the Treatment of a Gentleman, and therefore shall trouble myself no further about him, than in this public Method to post him as a L*** and a treacherous S********." There is plain speaking for you. Eventually, however, Matthews so far unbent as to meet the Liar and Scoundrel in two duels, in the first of which he accepted his life from the villain, and in the second wounded him severely.

Miss Black gives the history in full of each member of the Linley family, and it is, of course, within the limits of this brief notice impossible to follow her in any detail. After Sheridan married Elizabeth, he gave his father-in-law an opportunity to purchase with him and Richard Ford Garrick's share in Drury Lane, and, taking advantage of this rare chance, Linley fulfilled one of the ambitions of his life, albeit at times the worries incidental to the responsibility frightened him. Eventually he bothered the buoyant Sheridan all too frequently, for at last the latter uttered a mild and wise remonstrance:

> "You represent your situation of mind between hopes and fears. I am afraid I should argue in vain (as I have often on this point before), were I to tell you that it is always better to encourage the former than the latter. It may be very prudent to mix a little fear by way of alloy with a good solid basis of hope; but you, on the contrary, always deal in apprehension by the pound, and take confidence by the grain and spread it as thin as leaf gold. In fact, though a metaphor mayn't explain it, the truth is that, in all undertakings which chiefly depend upon ourselves, the surest way is to determine to succeed.

What Linley did enjoy was the direction of the oratorios at Drury Lane, and these he conducted for many years. Of his twelve children, but three survived him, though he only lived to be sixty-three. Most of them had musical tastes and earned some renown. Thomas the younger was a violinist; William a composer and the author of many novels—an unusual combination; Ozias an organist; Maria, Mary (afterwards Mrs. Tickell), and Elizabeth, vocalists of no small merit. The elder Linley, too, was a composer, and he is best known to the general public to-day by his setting of the song in his son-in-law's "School for Scandal," "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "The Linleys of Bath." By Clementina Black. With a Photogravure Portrait and other Illustrations. 16s. net. (Martin Secker.)

SHORT STORIES.*

I am linking these two volumes together for no better reasons than that they both contain short stories, and that they chance to come to me in company. There is this difference between them: most of Mr. Wells's stories, if not all of them, have appeared in the magazines, and Mr. Niven's, as he tells us in a preface which I wish he had omitted, have all been rejected by the magazine editors on the ground that they are "far over the heads of the public." One editor (happy man to have so much leisure) read one of the stories "three times and enjoyed it more on each reading," but said "I must regretfully return it. I have to cater for the public."

* "The Country of the Blind, and Other Stories." By H. G. Wells. 2s. net. (Nelson).—"Above Your Heads." By Frederick Niven. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

Mr. Wells has included in his book, he says, all the short stories by him that he cares for any one to read again. There are thirty-three of them and only one that is not wholly worthy of its place. The best of them are so brilliantly imagined or so sensitively human and of such subtle artistic quality that I doubt if any living English writer except Kipling can show anything to surpass them. The one that is not good is "A Vision of Judgment." This handles a big idea with a merely perky cleverness that would make one suspect it belonged to Mr. Wells's early days, if he did not himself say it belongs to his later; a smaller man than Mr. Wells would have spoilt the whole thing by being too resolutely pompous and grandiose; he has a feeling for what is grotesque and human and pitiful in a tremendous situation, but where his humour should have been sardonic it is only flippant, and where it should have been sympathetic it smacks of irreverence.

Otherwise, "The Country of the Blind" is a book for which one has nothing but admiration. It gives you Mr. Wells in epitome; there are stories that represent in little each variety of his work; they are by turns fantastic, humorous, supernatural, visionary, grimly terrible and sternly or tenderly realistic. Some that are cunning studies in psychology, some of the weird, nightmare order, or in which strange scientific discoveries play a leading part, are amazingly clever, but for my part I like Mr. Wells best here, as in his larger works, when his story is all of natural everyday men and women who live in the light of common day. Those who petulantly complain that it is impossible for a novelist to please the public without sacrificing his art cannot read "The Country of the Blind" without recognising that Mr. Wells, at least, has found the more excellent way.

Which brings us round again to that preface of Mr. Niven's. I have read his stories with great enjoyment, and entirely agree with him that the editors who said they were above the heads of the public were mistaken. As for the agent who rejected his stories of American life saying they were "unique" and that he "wished I would do something 'popular,' something he could sell—all my work being 'over the head of the public'"—one can but wonder what earthly public that agent catered for. There is nothing whatever in such a tale as "Billy Goes a Journey," for instance, that could be thought to be above the head of any intelligent reader over sixteen years of age. It is just a sketch of how a hard-up boy sent his luggage ahead of him by rail, then followed it by hanging on under trains, stealing rides in them and tramping. It is well enough done, but it is very slight, and this, I fancy, is what has been against Mr. Niven's stories with the editors—their slightness. Mr. Niven writes gracefully and has a nice sense of style, but his short stories are sketchy, and the general reader is, quite understandably, not to be fed with art alone; he wants something to bite at.

Take the opening story here, "The Pool of Opals." It has a quiet charm, and is fashioned with some delicacy of suggestion, but what is it all about? An eminent critic has become embittered and needs a holiday; he travels away up into Scotland, and on to a restful place he had visited before in a remote island. Here, in the open, he comes across a girl who is reading the same critical journals that had disgusted him in his study, and she throws them away in the field, having spoken her contempt for them aloud. She is an artist, and in his wanderings he sees her at her easel, and she notices him with curiosity. One day she calls to order to-morrow's curds and milk at the cottage where he is staying; hears him playing the piano and singing, he comes out and their eyes meet for a moment, but she goes away without speech passing between them. Next Monday, looking through her literary journals, she reads an article by the man who had been staying at the cottage; she knew and admired the work that he signed "A. Z." In another of the journals she reads that A.Z. is Mr. Yardley, and knowing that this was the name of the man she had heard and seen at the cottage, she realises what she has missed in not making his acquaintance. Meanwhile, Yardley, back in London, learns by chance that the girl of the island, with the "forehead like Mona Lisa," is the fine artist whose work he knows so well, and he too regrets what he missed when he was so near to her. The evasive hint of what this casual acquaintance means to him and to her, is very adroitly managed. Later, he goes to the Academy and sees her new picture, "The Pool of Opals," the one he had seen her painting, and he writes an article on "The Work of Miss Barbara Stewart," from which an extract is given. His friends called the closing sentence "a bit cryptic":

> "'Here is an art that tells of meditation and of some belief in God, or Gods, and devotion to Them. In this last and greatest work of Miss Stewart's I see that sense of the subtle, almost spiritual beauty of the world, that is only known by the reverent greatest—not to be found by the mere painter of surfaces, however clever his teachings—by, in a word, the dreamers who dream their dreams true.'
>
> "Cryptic! And yet, of all the article it was the one part that he held to his heart. It was the part that gave Barbara Stewart most joy, and moved her to sing as she went through the house by the shore of the northern loch:
>
> "'Votre âme est une paysage choisi'"—

a line from the song she had heard him singing in the cottage. And there an end.

Perhaps I am wrong in thinking there is a touch of affectation in this and other of these stories; that Mr. Niven is too self-consciously the artist in them; they have not the strength and fulness of life that marked his "Lost Cabin Mine" and "The Island Providence," as the work of a man of a large and forceful imagination. They are just good sketches; light, fanciful, pensive; but Mr. Niven can do better than blow bubbles, and he certainly does not, in this or any of his books, show himself to be one of those hole-and-corner incompetents who write above the heads of the public, whatever the magazine editors may think or say.

A. St. John Adcock.

SECRET SERVICE AND OPEN VICES.*

It is no easy task to review this book, because, as every one who has studied the literature of the sub-continent is aware, Douglas Blackburn is not only the founder of the modern school of South African novelists, but he also knows more about the inner history of the Kruger administration than any other British writer. Moreover, it is difficult to do full justice to Mr. Blackburn's co-author, Captain Caddell. He is inevitably overshadowed by the figure of the grim, kindly satirist who created "Prinsloo of Prinsloosdorp"; yet, reading the book as it should be read, carefully and perhaps twice over, one cannot fail to pick out a number of stories, as interesting as they are well told, which are the contributions of the younger man.

"Footnotes to History"—in their preface the authors say this would have been their title, had it been possible to use it. The choice would have been an excellent one. The book is not history—it does not pretend to be that—but it will be of great value to the future historian of South Africa. In it, he will find a mine of information, the clues to a variety of happenings, and, very probably, at least if he is like the South African historians we have had so far, he will forget to mention whence he obtained his facts. That is the way of South Africa. There is something entirely wrong in the moral atmosphere. True, the authors of this fascinating volume, this record of the Rottenness of the Sub-continent, make no attempt to draw deductions, to drive home their lessons. Thereby they show their wisdom and their skill. This plain narrative is quite sufficient; it needs no comment.

Still, in some respects the book is unsatisfactory. If

* "Secret Service in South Africa." By Douglas Blackburn and Captain Caddell. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Photo by Simpson Bros., Johannesburg.

Mr. Douglas Blackburn.

we had been promised a second volume, if we had been told that what was lacking in this book would be supplied in the next, one would have judged it differently. Douglas Blackburn has told us a great deal, but he has left out a great deal which he might have put in, things which he must know, which, surely, he might have set down on paper now, without fear of being charged with breach of confidence. It is the more surprising because, unlike so many writers on South Africa, he has no axe to grind. He is not in fear of any of the financial cliques: their wrath, even if expressed in the deepest of gutturals, would leave him quite unmoved, and I presume that the same is the case with his co-author.

Mr. Blackburn has been too anxious to deal only with those men and matters of which he can speak from actual personal experience, yet, at the same time, he writes of them from an impersonal point of view. This is a pity. One would have liked the shrewd criticisms of the man who created Saul Erasmus, the most wonderfully drawn character in South African fiction, or, failing that, the book should have been given a wider scope. One does not expect that the historian should have known all the people who figure in his pages. It is enough if it be seen, as in this case, that the facts are related truthfully and dispassionately.

There is a great deal of political matter in "Secret Service," but it would be impossible for the reader to gather what the political sympathies of the authors might be. All classes are handled in the same cold, merciless spirit of justice—the Imperialist and the Little Englander, the Rand financier and the scheming Hollander, the Takhaar Boer and the supercilious product of Sandhurst. Jew and Gentile, Black and White—they are all weighed and found wanting, not only in common honesty, but in common decency as well in most cases.

And yet it is the truth—that is the pitiful part about it all. Rotten—it is the only word to apply to South African society in the days when it was in the melting-pot. Rotten—socially and morally, a land which never produced anything but gold and sordid-minded plutocrats.

Rotten—and they say that, now, putrefaction has set in. I, for one, believe that to be true, and I advise those who do not believe, those who have faith in the much-vaunted New Era, to read Douglas Blackburn's book, and then see if they can imagine a social system which was infected by such poisonous germs at the outset ever growing strong enough to throw off the infection.

I, who know South Africa well, can see this book being made the subject of savage attacks. It is only natural that it should be so—the authors have told the truth. But it is a book which will survive those attacks, a book which will live, which will be regarded as the standard work on the subject, until the second volume comes before the public, amplifying this one, filling in the blanks.

That there are blanks no man can deny. For instance, we are told a good deal about the Jameson Raid, but we are not told why the Raiders put up such a pitifully poor fight, whether it was a fact that their commissariat consisted almost entirely of whisky. Douglas Blackburn knows the whole story—why does he give us a hint and no more?

Again, as regards the Boer trek to Mashonaland, which was to have started ahead of the Chartered Company's Pioneers—by the way, there is a mistake on page 307: those Pioneers were not armed with the Lee-Mitford rifle, which, I believe, had not been issued to any troops in 1890—Mr. Blackburn must be one of the very few who know of the force which Frans Bezedenhuit raised, with Paul Kruger's help, to forestall Rhodes. I know of it, from the British side. I have the whole tale, in black and white, written by the man—he has a world-famous name—who upset the scheme; but my account is confidential, and can never be published. But Douglas Blackburn certainly knows it too, from Paul Kruger's point of view, and he might have told the public why Sir Henry Loch agreed so hurriedly to the Swaziland Convention. It is quite an interesting story, though, perhaps, some of our pseudo-Imperialists would sooner have it forgotten, or, rather, unrelated, because it might tend to dim the effulgence from the halos of some of their especial heroes.

Still, the authors of this book have given us so much that is good that, I suppose, it is ungenerous to dwell on what they have left out. There are certain things in "Secret Service" which Britishers who know South Africa will love to see in print. For example, we have Oom Paul saying about the Raiders and Sir J. B. Robinson—"Did they expect Robinson's men to help them? In these days I suspect every one with an Englander name. But Robinson isn't much of an Englander."

The chapter on "Treasure Hunts" is especially interesting. As an old big-game hunter, I often heard the story of the elephants' cemetery—and I believe in it. Natives do not lie about those things. With regard to Paul Kruger's treasure on the *Dorothy*—was she not the *Dorothea*, by the way?—I believe, too, despite what the authors may say, that the wily old President did try to ship away a large quantity of gold for his own private use by this vessel. I believe that the gold was stolen en route by certain more wily Teutonic persons at Delagoa Bay, and that when, if ever, the wreck is explored, only boxes of lead will be found in her.

"Secret Service" is a book to be read—I want to emphasise that fact; and yet, at the same time, I want to protest against the man who wrote "Prinsloo" and "A Burgher Quixote" working on a mere cut-and-dried narrative, a plain recital of things that happened, instead of using his greater gifts. Other South African novelists—or novelists of South Africa, I should say—attempt to follow in his footsteps, often with a fair amount of success; but the biggest man of all, the Master, deliberately keeps out of the public view. Therefore I feel annoyed with him, although I have enjoyed immensely the book which he and Captain Caddell have produced.

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

XUM

TWELVE AUTUMN NOVELS.

Our novelists, whatever their taste and style, cannot, or do not, despise the eternal subject of love. The twelve novels on my table allow easily of a rough classification—five are concerned with love and crime, five with love in comedy and idyll, and two with love set against a historical background.

In point of freshness and vivacity and excellent character drawing, the first place seems certainly due to J. E. Buckrose's "Love in a Little Town."[1] Cope, of Cope's Complete Cleanser, was resolved that his grand-daughter, Celia Bassingdale, should be protected from the fortune-hunter. To this end he sent her to Great Marlton, to live with his poor relations, the Wallerbys. Hence is evolved a delightful comedy, of which the chief humorist is Mrs. Wallerby herself, whose eloquence and optimism are of the true Micawber type. Excellent also are the encounters of the fortune-hunter with Mrs. Wallerby's deaf mother and Celia's rustic admirers. In the end old Cope's stern methods are justified by the discomfiture of Captain Osborne and the discovery of the ideal lover in Robert Wayne. It is a pleasure to commend the excellent writing of this story.

The early promise of "An Angel in Ambledon"[2] is scarcely fulfilled, for the story, beginning with comedy, deviates, towards the end, perilously near melodrama. The experiences of Mr. Tebb, the retired London tradesman, who settled as an amateur farmer in Ambledon, are full of humour and insight. The entrance of Adolphe Gaspard into this rustic scene comes as something of a shock, which he expiates by death in a railway tunnel. More consistent in its lightness is "Mrs. Drummond's Vocation,"[3] which sometimes—notably in the preface—does not succeed in avoiding flippancy. Of Clapham origin, Lily Crane is brought up in a *café* in Boulogne, whence she passes with Samuel Drummond, her husband, to the China mission field. The French side of her nature reasserts itself when, as a widow, she meets the fascinating Grand Duke. After one more gallant try at respectability and Clapham, Mrs. Drummond leaves hurriedly for Paris to fulfil her "vocation."

There is nothing flippant in Marion Keith's novel, "'Lizbeth of the Dale,"[4] which is permeated by the colder bracing airs of Scoto-Canadian piety. 'Lizbeth, the heroine, with her wild independent nature, has chances of luxury and well-being which do not fall to the lot of the other members of her family. But time brings to 'Lizbeth the knowledge that the good things which she enjoys are bought at the expense of human suffering and hardship. The girl's naturally fine nature fights some hard fights, but in the end duty and happiness come to her together, love is triumphant, and the mission field gains a strong recruit. There are scenes in this book marked by a strong and fine emotion, and characters instinct with a broad and touching humanity. Of all the group perhaps "The Little Green Gate"[5] is most entitled to the name of idyll. Peter Marchant is faced with the old alternative of honour and inclination; and Nina Maynard, the girl whom he meets too late, and whose unhappy love story forms the subject of the book, decides for him, at the cost of her own happiness, against inclination. It is a slight and simple story, but told with considerable charm, and the writer is to be commended for her unflinching ending.

Mr. Robert Machray's "The Woman Wins"[6] is so typical of its class that it may well open our second category. An Oxford professor finds himself accused of murder, and presently a very pretty chain of circumstantial evidence is forged against him. His sweetheart, however, is true to him through thick and thin, even at the moment of a verdict that sounds curiously like the Scottish "Not Proven." Few readers, however, will be surprised when after a somewhat inexplicable delay circumstances point to the professor's own brother and double as the culprit. The solution of the tangle is disproportionately swift compared with its making, but at least the situation, if distinctly melodramatic, is well designed to exhibit the courage and loyalty of Mary Balfour, the professor's sweetheart. It is a sister who is the disturbing element in the married happiness of "Wife to Peter."[1] Lola is undoubtedly a disreputable person, and Peter had reason to conceal her identity. His doing so was near to losing him his wife's love and even his life, for the judge was summing up against him before the charge of murder in this case was brought to a dramatic end. The brightest part of a well-written novel is the artist's love-story within it. The heroine's name seems to anticipate the conclusion in Mrs. Milne Rae's "Bride Lorraine."[2] Sir Gavin Gordon, suspecting his own nephew, leaves his Bride and enlists. The scene passes to the Crimea, where Sir Gavin does prodigies of valour. He is nursed back to health and happiness by his wife, who is fired by the example of "The Lady of the Lamp." And the nephew dies in the Crimea, redeeming his past by heroic self-sacrifice. This is an excellent example of a healthy and unpretentious fireside tale.

It is not possible to approach Mr. Crockett's "The Lady of the Hundred Dresses"[3] without regretful memories of the days of "The Raiders." The present volume consists of a dozen linked stories, obviously suggestive of a magazine origin. The central character, John Eames, is a salesman in the Jewellers' Retail Union, and his duties lead him into many strange adventures on the Continent. A sharp-spoken Miss Allison has many forbears in Mr. Crockett's novels, with her "snell, bitter-sweet flavour, like that of rowanberry jelly from the braes of Dunfermline or the woods of Pitfour."

One might hazard the surmise that Mrs. Meade has already made use of some part of the machinery employed in "The Soul of Margaret Rand."[4] For there is a will in which the fortune is conditional on a certain marriage, the true heiress is already married, and her friend comes to England to personate her and to marry John Rand. A lynx-eyed cousin detects what is, in reality, a pious fraud, and Mrs. Meade introduces the device of a second will for the clearing-up of matters and the general promotion of happiness. Girls will look for the story because it is Mrs. Meade's new book, and they will not fail to vote it "ripping."

Our last paragraph we assign to the historical section. Mr. Stewart's title, "The Cardinal,"[5] held out unpleasant suggestions of yet another Richelieu book. But his story is so far out of the beaten track that it takes us back to the Constantinople and Venice of the times of the Crusades. It is the tragic love-story of the Cardinal Ubaldini and Ariadne, a beautiful Greek slave of noble birth. Across the ages Ariadne joins hands with the heroine of "The Little Green Gate," noticed above; for she, too, sacrifices to the uttermost for the sake of the honour of the man she loves. It is an original and well-written novel in which the labour is skilfully concealed, and the historical background is never obtruded to the detriment of the plot-interest. The Cardinal is a striking and memorable figure and the author has cleverly touched in the weaker and more attractive side

[1] "Love in a Little Town. By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)
[2] "An Angel in Ambledon." By W. A. Bowie. 6s. (Cassell.)
[3] "Mrs. Drummond's Vocation." By Mark Ryce. 6s. (Heinemann.)
[4] "'Lizbeth of the Dale." By Marion Keith. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[5] "The Little Green Gate." By Stella Callaghan. 5s. (Constable.)
[6] "The Woman Wins." By Robert Machray. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

[1] "Wife to Peter." By Louise Mack. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)
[2] "Bride Lorraine." By Mrs. Milne Rae. 6s. (Religious Tract Society.)
[3] "The Lady of the Hundred Dresses." By S. R. Crockett. 2s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)
[4] "The Soul of Margaret Rand." By L. T. Meade. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
[5] "The Cardinal." By Newton V. Stewart. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

of his masterful personality. The authors of "Chantemerle," * greatly daring, have pitched their story in the France of 1792. The two cousins, Gilbert and Louis, find their life-long friendship imperilled by their common love for Lucienne d'Clucourt, to whom Gilbert is betrothed. Before the rupture is overt all the main actors in the story are deeply involved in the political troubles of the day, and presently the two young men are in the difficult position of being private enemies and comrades in arms. There follows a long series of thrilling adventures, throughout which the old loyalty and friendship manage to hold good. The three-cornered problem is solved by the heroic death of Gilbert, not before he was assured of the loyalty of his cousin and of his betrothed. The book stands well out among the novels of the season by virtue of its very careful workmanship. There has obviously been no scamping of the patient study requisite for the filling in of the historical setting of this admirably written and well-compacted story.

L. Q. C.

URUGUAY.†

Mr. Koebel is rapidly acquiring something of the position of a Hebrew prophet by the able summaries he is giving of the history of one nation after another, and the judicious estimate he forms of their future. In Uruguay he has a tougher nut than usual to crack, because this country can hardly yet be said to have turned the corner. Argentina seems to have definitely set its forward countenance in the direction of peace and prosperity, but Uruguay was still indulging in one of its countless faction fights in January of this year. Mr. Koebel, however, is inclined to be optimistic He calls attention to the extraordinary vitality of the people, their heroism and the natural wealth of the land, as all calculated ultimately to "brush away the results of its wars as lightly as though such convulsions were summer showers." The whole history of the rising in 1811 of the national hero Artigas is one long testimony to the vitality of the race. There is something peculiarly delightful in the audacity of the man. While fighting at the head of his little impoverished army clad in ragged loin-cloths, armed with lassoes and slings, his whole stock of cash contained in a canvas bag, he sent his privateers across the Atlantic, and they made captures within sight of the Iberian cliffs. Even more amazing is the hardihood of his successor Lavalleja, who started out to win freedom for his country at the head of a mighty army of thirty-three, and laid siege to a city garrisoned by 2,000 Portuguese troops when his followers had only been multiplied by three. Vitality, too, was the outstanding characteristic of his friend Rivera, "a veritable human phœnix in his ability to spring undismayed from the ashes of each successive disaster." It should be remembered, however, that melodramatic warfare and almost incredible successes are more common than elsewhere among the easy-going and often fickle populations of Central and Southern America. Did not ex-President Castro himself begin to climb to the headship of Venezuela with only twenty-three cowboys at his back? But though there is much of the effusive nature of the Celt in these Uruguayans, though they fly to banquets on every possible occasion, for consolation, for encouragement, for congratulation, yet they have many solid virtues which augur well for the future stability of the country. Their men are distinguished by a sobriety which would be a valuable object-lesson to any European country. More excellent relations are maintained between blacks and whites than the most civilised town in the United States can boast of. Shrewd sense, too, is shown in subsidising agricultural shows throughout the country: the same shrewd sense may be expected to operate when Urugary rises into importance as a great beef-producing centre. This development is bound to come with the almost total cessation of the exportation of beef from the United States. The Beef Trust realises the trend of affairs and is taking root in the South American State. Prosperity is coming like a flood, and if the "whites" and the "coloured" can be persuaded to drop their insensate feud, a great future is in store for the sorely tried little country.

* "Chantemerle." By D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor. 6s. (John Murray.)

† "Uruguay." By W. H. Koebel. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

NEW POETRY.*

To write a play on Herod and Mariamne is, it might be thought, a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance. But Mr. Sturge Moore writes as if it were not a custom, and in reading his play it is easy to forget the fact. If he is a poet who can be accused of lacking ecstasy, there is no doubt at all that he lacks the gush and redundance which are the worst bane of poetry because they have so often successfully acted the part of ecstasy for a generation. Everything in the play—the stage directions, the minutiæ of every speech, the structure of each of the five acts—has been the arduous, conscious labour of a man with one clear end before him. He takes nothing for granted, and never for a moment leans upon convention or tradition. The result is that his play is complete in itself, all "carved out of the carver's brain," and to understand and admire it no historic knowledge is necessary—nothing but an unprejudiced mind and a heart swept clear of yearnings for the poetical. You have Herod and his Queen Mariamne, and the rival mothers of king and queen. Herod is returning at the height of his credit with Rome, eager simply for Mariamne's arms. But she is hostile at first because she knows that he has provided that she shall not survive him; and her mother has backed her. Herod's position, however, is now too strong, and out of policy the mother changes her view. Mariamne consents to a reconciliation, chiefly because she sees that her mother's opposition to Herod had been policy. Then Herod's family conspires against her with a story that she has made her husband uxorious by drugs, and is now about to poison him. She is tried and condemned. At the last moment she repents the cold pride which persuaded her not to plead her own innocence. She sends for Herod. He refuses, and then arrives the moment after her execution. It is a study of psychology, richly coloured by a study of manners and costume; and this second element, though always subsidiary and relevant, is itself good enough to make a good book if not a good play. That it is a good play we have little doubt, though it is meant for the stage, which alone can fully approve it. Mariamne and her mother, Mariamne and Herod, are always vivid. The trial scene is a piece of painting and character-study that would save a poor play, but does not stand out unduly in the admirable whole. Mr. Moore's great triumph is to appeal directly at every point of the play to the eye and the mind together.

The chief piece in Mr. Darrell Figgis's book is a blank verse play, with lyrics, on the temptation of Job. Unlike "Mariamne," it not only rests chiefly on a well-known theme, but varies little from the common view of it. Except for the lyrics, Mr. Figgis's chief work has been to expand and illuminate, and to give the form of dialogue. Thus everything depends on the colouring which he has been able to add by his style. It will be seen that the style has an Elizabethan cast, as in this speech of Job's:

> "May the dark day that gave my body birth
> Be curst! May it not see the light! May all
> Whom that day belched to teem this foolish earth,
> My brothers and sisters of humanity,
> Wither and falter in distress and fear!
> May they not know the joy of strife encountered;
> But fall, hewn by the arm of ruthless Fate,
> Immedicable, fruitless, and unscanned."

* "Mariamne." By T. Sturge Moore. 2s. net. (Duckworth.)—"The Crucibles of Time, and other Poems." By Darrell Figgis. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)—"Before Dawn (Poems and Impressions)." By Harold Monro. 5s. net. (Constable.)

He is Elizabethan in his use of words as in his choice. Thus he uses "toy" as equivalent to "offering a toy to" in

"Symbols of tinkling glass to toy the eye."

At times he is carried away in his Elizabethanism into some obscurity and even indefiniteness, as in

"Gaze over all the utterance of my thought:
From the high leaping vault of bended heaven
To the arched splendour of thy doming brow!
Sublimity and beauty tell their souls
In rondure; for these are my trick of thought,
The high habiliments of secret joy
Decking my boundless soul. . . ."

The interspersed lyrics are rough and vigorous, and stride to their end with an unusual prominence of rhymes. There are better lyrics in the rest of the book, which includes a long "Ode to Music," poems to a snowdrop and a chrysanthemum, two sonnets to Cromwell, some other poems like odes, some elegiacs and songs, and this sonnet to Shakespeare:

"There is a glory of what men acquire,
A glory of erudition, plucked from gloom,
And set o'er mounded darkness as a fire
Raging, the paths of ignorance to illume.
Not so with thee, Rare spirit! from the womb
Thou bore an Eye to which our choice designs,
Cloaking the spirit's hypocritical bloom,
Lay bare and naked in their pristine lines.
Moving with tender ease its radiance shines
Swiftly about our bowels, hath its play
Imperious in our heart's most gloomy mines,
And swings our secrets out to cruel Day.
Therefore we fear thy power miraculous;
Therefore we love thee for thou loveth us!"

We cannot help wondering what is Mr. Figgis's authority for "thou loveth," which is a concord he uses in another place.

Mr. Harold Monro's book is one in which we constantly see side by side, not often in full agreement, a serious thinker and a scrupulous writer of verse. He is always intensely interesting. We should select his book among one of half a dozen or so, if we had to show a Martian or an Elizabethan what emotional thinkers are like in our day. What may be called his sacred poems—what some would call his blasphemies—are perfectly representative. Where his thought and his chosen form are most harmonious and forcible is in the series of "Impressions," which are, as it were, passionate epigrams, often in the form of portraits. We should like to quote the whole of one which ends:

"God, Who ordained the British Sunday even
To most resemble His own placid life,
Looks, smiling out of comfortable Heaven,
Down on the British grocer and his wife."

But we should be sorry thus to leave the impression that Mr. Monro sneers. His book is most briefly to be described by quoting from his dedication, "to those who, with me, are gazing in delight towards where on the horizon there shall be dawn. Henceforth, together," he continues, "humble though fearless, we must praise, worship, and obey the beautiful future, which alone we may call God."

Edward Thomas.

MOTHER CAREY.*

It was the kindly old Admiral who named Mrs. Carey "Mother Carey," and the children her chickens. He came home with young Lieutenant Carey one afternoon and surprised her sitting in the summer-house with little Peter in her lap and the two girls and the elder boy, Gilbert, playing about her. "Mothers and children make a pretty good picture at any time," said the Admiral, "but I should say that this one couldn't be 'beat.'" Mrs. Riggs has drawn the characters of each member of this very human, very lovable family with all the sympathy and charm we have learned to look for in the creator of Rebecca. Almost at the outset, the father dies and the mother and her children are left to make the best of life without him, always with his memory dwelling amongst them like a spiritual presence. They move into the cheaper little house in a pleasant little village because it is the house they had once gone over with him when it was empty, and he had said if he was rich he would buy it that afternoon and sleep in it that night, seeing they were all so taken with it.

Photo by Marie Leon. **Mr. T. Sturge Moore.**

Poor as they are, they take a motherless little cousin Julia to live with them, though they shrink from the experiment, knowing that Julia is one of those pinks of perfection who has never done a naughty thing in her life, and that it is nearly impossible to like her or to live with her comfortably. And there is trouble with Julia when she comes; but the Carey children have a sense of humour, and Mother Carey has that with other good senses and the kindest heart in the world; so that by degrees Julia realises that she is really a solemn prig, and is more or less unconsciously moulded into something different and infinitely better.

To catalogue the details of the story would be to tell you nothing about it; the art with which it is all unfolded, the knowledge, and humour and tenderness with which the various people who belong to it are made human and alive—these are the things that matter, and that hold the reader's interest right through. It is a natural everyday tale of natural everyday men and women and children, rainbowed with the laughter and tears of average human experiences. How is one to define the charm of such a book? The quaint humours of Osh Popham and Bill Harmon have their share in it; so too have the delightful personalities of the Carey youngsters, of Nancy and little Peter in particular; then the Admiral accounts for some of it, and even the hard Cousin Nan for a little more; but over and above everybody else you have Mother Carey herself, the

* "Mother Carey." By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

sweetest and most motherly of women for all her youthfulness. "Don't make any mistake, dear Mrs. Carey," says the young teacher, Ralph Thurston, to whom she has been kind, "your hearth-fire glows a long, long distance"; and by the time you come to the place where Osh declares "God Almighty hez His eye on that woman and He'll see her through," you will be in a mood to agree with him.

A POCKETFUL OF FRANCE.*

Into a book barely bigger than an "Everyman" and as light and bright as a box of Boissier's bonbons, M. Louis Hourticq, with an almost maddening neatness, has packed away the whole heaped-up art of his country —not her stacks of pictures alone, and her mountains of sculpture — but her cathedrals and palaces too — her chateaux and churches—even her porcelains, tapestries, trinkets: just a little persuasion, you feel, or the breath of a challenge, and he would have thrown in her literature as well. None but a Frenchman could have done this perhaps—none but a Frenchman, certainly, could have done it so wittily and well, with such a high, clear, polished completeness: it is, indeed, the very quality that made its task so tremendous that has given the book the power to pull it through. That quality, of course, is the great Gallic gift of form, that flair for system and symmetry, the core of her character, which has made France, among other things, the great lexicographer of our emotions, enabling her to whip down any dream in a diagram, clean-cut and arresting, long before the slow dreamer himself, Celt or Teuton, has thoroughly thrown off his drowse. Her creative record, as a result, for variety and continuity both, is quite without rival. Italy's prime, indeed, was superbly protracted—but her golden speech, though long, was all in one language: Italy, for example, knew no Gothic. Germany's art, again, all magnificent mutter and growl, has been like a thunder-storm that never quite gets away; Spain's was one passionate blow, a flash from a cloak—with a single tell-tale drop of blood, later on, in the shape of that crimson creature Goya; and our own island utterance has been as broken as our coast-line—we have blurted out marvels and then relapsed into silliness or sullenness, like a plough-boy of genius in a salon. But France has always kept freshly in the forefront. Mere geography, doubtless, brute master of so many subtle ceremonies, played some part in producing this fertility. Stretched out, smooth and square, in the middle of the nations, the country did become a kind of screen on which successive civilisations, now from this side, now that, projected their special ideas, saw them brightly epitomised. She made the most of Romanesque—gave Christianity its Gothic—turned Classical next to please Italy—and though she took up picture-making quite late (Botticelli and Leonardo had been a hundred years dead, Holbein the Younger some seventy) she made herself, in a trice, as we know, drawing-mistress to the rest of the world. French art fills a coffer some six hundred miles square by twenty centuries deep. M. Hourticq, as cool as a conjuror, tips it all into a parcel that will slide into your pocket without bagging.

That he has done this, and done it so deftly, is mainly due, as has been hinted already, to his own possession of precisely the talent that multiplied his problem so mercilessly: the virus that caused the confusion becomes the anti-toxin to quell it. He writes a hand of uncommon neatness—plays his illustrations (there are over 800—not much bigger than postage-stamps but perfectly printed) with real brilliance and wit—actually making them economise space instead of eating into it, using a fine phrase like "*See Fig.* 270," for instance, to save whole sheets of description of Chantilly. But the virtue that really saves him is exactly the clean Latin gift for driving a road through thin air, for crystallising an abstraction. "The function of a book like this," he says himself frankly, "which cannot pursue the phenomena of the artistic spirit into all its objective ramifications, must be to trace and explain the innate subjective characteristics which no fashion in external forms can wholly disguise." And thus, instead of dancing distractedly from one corner of the bright profusion to another, he assumes an abstract garden, calls it the history of France, arranges the labyrinth round that, and so presents us with a pattern as plain and logical as the street-plan of Paris. He manages to do for French art pretty well what French art did for us others.

We miss something by such a method, no doubt. States of society build M. Hourticq's cathedrals—movements, not men, paint his pictures—and an unregenerate eye may hanker for the muddier stir and bustle of mere mortals. Especially, of course, when we come among the painters—for it is a queer fact (yet quite, and indeed deeply, characteristic) that their really picturesque figures are to be found, not in their canvases, but in front of them. Dismiss Delacroix from his studio, with his burning tears and apostrophes, and even "The Massacre of Scio" begins to look rather mild. Usher Ingres into his, with his head all blinkered and bandaged lest he should scar his mind with some ugliness, and even the chilliest of his "Vierges" becomes as romantic as a bit of Balzac. (Whereas with us these qualities are transposed. The line *we* know how to draw is a social one—we keep all our chromatics for our art. It was actually the work of a stiff lump of a lad like Bonington and of that douce Lowland laird Sir Walter which set Delacroix himself all aflame.) But the compensations are immense. This treatment, for one thing, does put the painter in his place. Just now he rather fills the foreground—and any private retrospects we make tend too often to be just vistas of canvases. But with M. Hourticq we stroll down streets of cathedrals, we pass through fifteen centuries, thronged with masterworks, before we meet a single painter;—and when we see him we recognise that he is, after all, merely a grown-up miniaturist—who was himself just a free-lance illuminator—who was at bottom but a stained-glass-window man disguised—and therefore a mere employee of the architect. And that recognition brings another, even richer—a realisation of the strict and Roman logic of the line that links the Quartier Latin with the Latin quarter in Provence. Turn these pages swiftly and the tiny illustrations swim together like the figures in a zoetrope —so essentially continuous, after all, was the mutable course. And as the film races by it flushes up new perceptions, not otherwise to be roused except by travel. It brings out the deep difference between French and English Gothic, outwardly akin. Ours was a sublime borrowing of an exalted speech to express a sudden passionate vision; and our cathedrals overwhelm our landscapes, looming above them like carved clouds. But the French was a due development, as proportionate as Chartres seems in its vast plain, an organic outcrop of the soil; it was the result of an intellectual, a mathematical joy, a delight in ever closer and cleaner definition, of sending stone soaring still more economically into the meaningless air. And this engineering logic, linking even her Gothic with her Classic, is not imperceptible elsewhere. Swiftly surveyed, her whole art resolves itself into a series of mutinous demands for—stricter order. Impressionism, with us, still means something wistful and vague. Transfer it to Paris, place of codes and academies, and it becomes as clean-cut as a science, a method of mapping out a picture into colonies of colour, a neat system of cantons and departments. Here, indeed, in this colonising instinct, we seem to touch the second and subtler source of her fertility. Physically susceptible to outer influences of course she exceptionally was; and

* "Art in France." By Louis Hourticq. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

that all the roads that led from Rome ran through those deftly dovetailed river-beds of hers—that the first "French" painter was a Fleming—that there was once a Vatican at Avignon and that Van Eyck lodged at Aix, are certainly points to bear in mind. But perhaps the legions who first hammered out those roads left something in her structure more enduring than the Amphitheatre at Arles, or even the dialect that soaked into Provence. There is a sense in which all French art is "Empire." The eagles stamped on her coinage once perched on the Capitol itself.

DIXON SCOTT.

Novel Notes.

THE BEACON. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Unwin.)

Once more Mr. Phillpotts has chosen Dartmoor for the setting of his story and once more he has made the setting dominate the drama. Against the dominant mass of Cosdon Beacon mere human beings, strong virile Devon men and women though they are, dwindle into comparative insignificance. Mr. Phillpotts shares with Mr. Hardy the power of making us feel the infinite littleness of men compared with the giant forces of nature. Like Mr. Hardy, too, he feels and makes us feel how the dweller in the open country is influenced in character and temperament by his natural surroundings. The hordes in the great cities, entrenched in their little brick fortresses, have escaped from nature and they pay the penalty in cramped and artificial lives. But the dweller in the country, especially in the spacious borders of Dartmoor, cannot escape from the influence of his surroundings. The real central figure in Mr. Phillpotts's new book is Cosdon Beacon. We see the Beacon in every mood, from summer calm to the wildest winter storm. To see the Beacon is to see nature: it is more, it is to see nature unveiled. Every human being living beneath its shadow is more or less unconsciously influenced by it. The strong find strength in it, the timid shrink from it in fear. Elizabeth Densham, a London barmaid of strong character and considerable beauty, has heard of the glamour of Dartmoor and accepts a post in the little hamlet of South Leal, on the edge of the moor. Here she falls under the spell of the Beacon, which is at once an inspiration and an unceasing fascination for her. She is thrown in contact with two men of opposite types. One is strong and rugged, rough in speech and almost brutal in manner: the other is weak, easy-going, charming, and inefficient. For a long time she hesitates between the two. The force and virility of the one appeal to her, but she resents her own strength being dominated by his. The other appeals to her, though she is fully alive to his weakness, because she thinks she could do more for him. She does not realise that it is easier to tame the strong man than to put strength into the weak. In the end, of course, she makes, almost inevitably, the wrong choice. The result is tragedy, swiftly and simply developed, with a brevity and concise power which make the book one of Mr. Phillpotts's best. The character-studies are worked out to a logical and inevitable crisis. Of all our serious novelists Mr. Phillpotts is the most consistent in method and achievement. This book is fully up to and in its brevity even a little above the high standard which he has always set himself.

THE ROAD TO AVALON. By Coningsby Dawson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Purporting to relate the adventures of a charcoal-burner's son in search of Avalon and King Arthur, this brilliant allegory develops into the quest of everyman for the "Garden of Heart's Desire." "There is a home for all unnamed desires, and in that home is Avalon: and that home is the Garden of Heart's Desire which God first caused to be made for Adam, and from which God cast him forth. Yet hath He been ever willing that Adam's sons should regain their father's heritage. Therefore hath He implanted in the heart of every smallest child this nameless longing—the memory of a lost splendour—that one day a stronger son should lead the whole race back. But Lilith hath always been at hand to lure men's souls aside, so that, though many have striven, none hath as yet attained—they could not resist her singing and the light in her hair of gold." The story recounts how the charcoal-burner's son escapes the wiles of Lilith and her Scarlet City, and strives to follow the call of another woman "with hair like bars of gold through which her eyes looked out." "Tell me thy name," he implores again and again, but only when Avalon has been attained can he read her face and learn the truth: "Thou art all that was best that I ever dreamed and will ever dream. . . ." Delicate fancy and rich poetic feeling have gone to the making of a book which breathes great living truths into legends that totter with antiquity and fables that crumble with age. "The Road to Avalon" is no beaten track; it is a thoroughly stimulating journey, and the fortunate traveller may gather many fragrant flowers of thought on the way.

LADIES WHOSE BRIGHT EYES. By Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Constable.)

Mr. Sorrell was a publisher of the most modern commercial type. He produced popular encyclopedias, popular in the sense of being adapted to the tastes of the partially educated, with great profit to himself and very little profit to any one else. In fact he was a perfect exemplar of the business man of to-day, entirely unromantic and modern to his finger tips. As he is returning in the Plymouth express after a successful raid on America, he is given the Tamworth-Egerton crucifix, which had been brought back from Palestine in the thirteenth century by Sir Stanley Egerton of Tamworth. Sir Stanley, so the

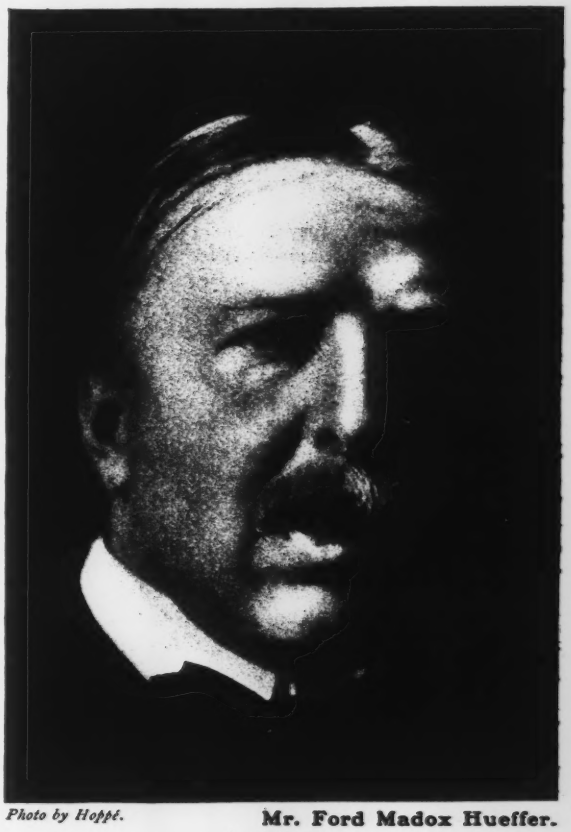

Photo by Hoppé. **Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer.**
A new portrait.

story ran, had died on landing in England, and the cross was carried to Tamworth by a converted Greek slave who was dressed only in a linen shift and knew only two words of English—Egerton and Tamworth. As he was handling the cross, Mr. Sorrell felt a sudden shock, in reality a railway accident, and woke up to find himself still holding the cross, but back in the year 1326. Luckily he was a good linguist and soon made himself at home in the various dialects of French and English which made up the language of England at the time. Of Mr. Sorrell's adventures in the fourteenth century it is not necessary to attempt a detailed summary. It is enough to say that they are diverting and exciting in the extreme. Mr. Hueffer's knowledge of the details of the social life of the fourteenth century is curiously minute. The accuracy of some of the incidents seems open to question, though no doubt Mr. Hueffer could cite chapter and verse in justification of all of them. The attempt to depict the medieval world as it would appear to modern eyes has been made before. A conspicuous instance is that most melancholy of Mark Twain's failures, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." But it has never before been done so brilliantly or with such convincing completeness of detail as in "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes." As a reconstruction of the daily life of the time the book is a historical achievement of real value, and it is also most entertaining reading. No dry-as-dust history could give so vivid an impression of that strange blend of lawlessness and minute litigiousness, of childish simplicity and cunning, of luxury and primitive discomfort, which made up the fourteenth century. How Mr. Sorrell returned to the twentieth century, a convert to medievalism, and how he met a reincarnation of the Lady Dionissia, we leave Mr. Hueffer to tell. It is only fair to say that the end of his story is as delightful and ingenious as the rest of it. "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes" is Mr. Hueffer's high-water mark and the most brilliant book of the season.

THE LOST IPHIGENIA. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

No reader of "The Lost Iphigenia" can fail to admire the dogged pertinacity of Sir John Holdfast—good-natured, easy-going Johnny—in his pursuit of the apathetic heroine, Sarolta. Gifted with a wonderful soprano voice, Sarolta has no eyes or ears for anything but Art, and when a fortunate chance introduces her to the celebrated composer Lothnar, whose fame exceeds that of Wagner and Beethoven, she rises to the occasion and creates a sensation as Iphigenia in his new opera. This Lothnar, as becomes a genius of such magnitude, is an amazing bundle of eccentricities. Sarolta is warned concerning him by her music mistress, one Madame Costanza, an immensely entertaining character: "What he will want of you he will get, if he has to grind it from you, if you have to give it with your blood, with your soul. And, if you can't give it—pft!—that is the end of you as far as he is concerned; you are nothing—a cracked instrument to be thrown away. . . . Lothnar—it is a Satan of hardness, obstinacy, pride—only he makes music like an Archangel!" This is the man to whom Sarolta loses her heart, believing his love to be hers—a belief which, at length, he rudely shatters. "What are you to me?—Nothing," he declares, in a scene of great power. "What were you to me?—A reed that I fashioned into a pipe for my song. . . ." There are some genuinely dramatic moments in "The Lost Iphigenia," and the characters, whether normal or abnormal, are admirably portrayed.

QUEED. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. 6s. (Constable.)

When you first make the acquaintance of Queed, he is a curiously self-centred, stunted, scarcely human little egoist, a crude, dry little student who is making a special study of "evolutionary sociology," and yet lives wholly to himself and brusquely evades all social intercourse. "Nearly all Queed's time, which he administered by an iron-clad Schedule of Hours, duly drawn up, went to the actual writing of his Magnum Opus. . . . His book was designed to co-ordinate and unify the theories of all science into the single theory which alone gave any of them a living value, namely, the progressive evolution of a higher organised society and a higher individual type." He has no real knowledge of his fellow humans, no experience of life, and has formulated his theories entirely from his reading. "He's the most pitiful little creature I ever saw," says Sharlee. "He's the saddest little man in the world, and it has never dawned on him." And it is under the influence of Miss Charlotte Lee Weyland, otherwise Sharlee, that Queed does at length come to realise what a pitiful little creature he is, and that his philosophy is hollow and dead. She shames him into this self-realisation, but it is a difficult task and takes time, and she has to steel herself to be cruel and tell him some cold and scathing truths before it can be accomplished. She goads him into earning his own living instead of sponging on his landlady whilst his great book is in progress, and, on her introduction, he joins the staff of the local newspaper and tries his hand at popular journalism. "He has a wonderful genius for crushing the interest out of any subject he touches," observes one of the paper's directors. "In some ways he is undoubtedly the oldest man in the world. In another way he hasn't any age at all. Spiritually he is unborn—he simply doesn't exist." And the story is of how Sharlee, at long last, with her womanly insight and merciless commonsense, humanises and spiritualises this little bookish monster. There is a mystery surrounding his father, who has vanished; and it chances that, unknown to herself and to him, Sharlee is intimately concerned in this mystery, and the clearing of it up brings romance and tragedy into Queed's dull life and is the shock that finally awakens the soul that is asleep in him. It is a delightful story, and if there are touches of unreality in the plot there are none in the characters; these are drawn vividly, easily, naturally, and are vigorously alive. The pathos of the book is nearly always true, and it is leavened throughout with a quaint and genial humour. "Queed" is unquestionably the best first novel of the year—so far.

THE LAST LINK. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Morice Gerard has achieved a considerable reputation as a writer of historical novels, and we believe that now a large public eagerly awaits every new book from his pen. This in itself is a sign that the times are not entirely out of joint, for Mr. Gerard has always provided reading as wholesome as it is attractive. His manner is workmanlike rather than decorative, but the art of writing a straightforward, readable story—the art in which Mr. Gerard especially excels—is by no means so easy as, on the surface, it might appear. The author wastes no time on minor subtleties: he devises a full, interesting plot, introduces four or five well-realised characters, a number of dramatic situations, and goes straight ahead. The result is always a completely entertaining book. "The Last Link" is an excellent example of Mr. Gerard's manner. It is a historical study of the times of King William III., and the romance of Sir Ralph Chesney, who is loyal to King William, and Belle Costigan, who is the supposed daughter of a Jacobite plotter, pursues a chequered and variously interesting course, in which the author has allowed himself ample scope for proving the quality of his hero as a man of courage and of action. The whole story, indeed, is spirited and well told, and entirely worthy of its author.

THE EARTHEN DRUM. By E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

After "The Veil" and "The Mountain of God" it is probably unnecessary to tell the reader that Miss Stevens has a complete and—for a Westerner—a curiously sym-

pathetic understanding of the life and feelings of the Oriental. Yet it is possible that the eight stories which comprise "The Earthen Drum" will come as a surprise to the writer's admirers. Here, perhaps, she treats more consciously of the East than in either of her earlier books. She has altered her style to accord with the circumlocutions and the matter-of-fact dogmatisms of the Eastern story-teller of the title. (He collects his audience, it may be explained, by beating upon an earthen drum.) In all of the stories, we believe, the reader will sense something of the atmosphere of Northern Africa, the heat-shimmer, the too-blue sky, the life of its men and women, and their exotic loves. Slight though it may be in actual length, "The Earthen Drum" yet presents more points of interest than most full-length novels; certainly it is far more unusual.

THE FIRST BORN. By R. Murray Gilchrist. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

"The First Born" gives an intimate picture of a very human family brought together under the roof of an old Derbyshire manor and tortured by secret tears and unforgiving pride. Old Thomas, the central figure, is finely conceived. For all his meanness and his shabby clothes, the pride of birth and breeding burns fiercely in the lean old squire. "It's the thing I hold best in the world," he declares. "A man's first duty is to keep his stock pure. We've been a strong set; time out of mind Waldron has gone from eldest son to eldest son." Both his children thwart his will and marry mates of their own choosing. The daughter weds a penniless "music man," and flies into exile; the son after great opposition marries a girl, Susan, who has just borne him a son. The squire's secret resolve that this son shall never inherit Waldron, and the bitter realisation of this by Susan, who loves the child above all her others born in wedlock, result in some poignant scenes that Mr. Gilchrist develops skilfully and in his usual concise and forceful style. As a group of character-sketches "The First Born" makes excellent reading; it cannot fail to please all who enjoy a simple story holding within its pages a world of tenderness and pathos.

LORD STRANLEIGH, PHILANTHROPIST. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

There is no question that the man with unlimited wealth at his disposal, who can purchase his way through difficulties with the ease of a magician in "The Arabian Nights," has a certain romantic fascination for even the most weary reader. To be able to engage a special train, when you happen to be late for the ordinary one, has a certain glamour about it which is attractive. Mr. Robert Barr in his collection of short stories, which were produced originally in the *Idler*, and now appear in book form under the title of "Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist," has given us a central character built on these lordly and plutocratic lines. His hero is quite an amusing figure; his attempts to do good and to dissipate his great wealth—attempts which almost invariably lead to his accumulating still more capital—make excellent reading. The author is one of our best story-tellers, and employs his art in this volume with great skill. If one was to find fault with a book which should amuse thousands of fiction-readers, it would be to point out that the stories have too great an abundance of elaboration, leading up to very abrupt and, by comparison, feeble climaxes. Perhaps the most complete story is that bearing the curious title of "My Library was Dukedom Large Enough." It is a very amusing account of how the hero's agent obtains the necessary capital to gamble in rubber and make a fortune by playing off his employer against another millionaire with a mania for giving away free libraries.

THE MAN WITH AN HONEST FACE. By Paul Wells. 6s. (Appleton.)

This is one of those very brisk pieces of American sensationalism that the reader finds it difficult to get away from, in spite of the fact that little thought has been given to the making of the book. We say this with no intention of disparagement, for the story is an excellent example of its type. The author writes quite passably and the whole thing goes with a swing from start to finish; it is not in the least an original book, but it is one that keeps the reader in a good temper. But it does require to be read in one sitting, and it does not call for the use of the higher critical faculties—neither of which requirements should be beyond the powers of the average reader. Granted these postulates and you will enjoy yourself thoroughly with this story of the adventures which befel the prepossessing gentleman of the title after possession of a mysterious packet had been mysteriously thrust upon him. The characters include a lawyer, the Queen of Beltravia, an unscrupulous millionaire, an Irish "tough," and a very pleasant heroine.

A WEAVER OF DREAMS. By Myrtle Reed. 6s. (Putnam.)

Here is a very fragrant story whose simple plot is made all-sufficient by the delicate art of the author. She understands—that is what one feels throughout this book. From grave to gay the story moves, then back again, to touch the reader with a pleasant sadness. It is a tale of red and pink rose leaves that floated down a stream and were gathered up by a young man in a brown canoe; he knows where the red rose leaves come from—but who is the owner of the pink? And meanwhile, the Weaver of Dreams sits in his little house at the cross-roads and waits for his most desired dream to come true. "Keep your House of Life as God gives it to you," he says, "and hide the dark places with the tapestry of dreams." Miss Reed rightly asserts that the distinguishing mark of a woman who is really fine is loyalty to her own sex, and draws for us a splendid woman with a wide and sympathetic understanding of the sterner sex because she is loyal to her own. The people are natural; the story is natural; and the quaint humour and delightful banter of Miss Cynthia will make her long remembered by readers of the book. "A Weaver of Dreams" is a delightful book and causes one the more to regret that its author's life should have ended so soon and so tragically.

HURDCOTT. By John Ayscough. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

This is a novel of strange characters and unexpected happenings. The scene is laid in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the author probably selected his period with a view to leaving himself unhampered in dealing with his somewhat curious material. The heroine is a Sicilian aristocrat, Consuelo Dauntsey, who comes to stay in England with two very English maiden aunts and a squire brother. Here she comes across the hero, who gives the name to the novel. Hurdcott is a supposed gipsy, a foster-son of a shepherd, and it is round the mystery of his birth that the story centres. He is a ne'er-do-well, a vagrant, but when he falls madly in love with the heroine, he swears to give up his irregular life and to tread only the paths of virtue. There is also a half-Burmese English lord—Lord Winterlow—who has two curious characteristics: he objects to titles and therefore calls himself by the simple name of Basil Hungerford, and he further professes the Buddhist faith. With these characters Mr. Ayscough builds up a story of considerable charm and interest. There is a murder in the book and for this murder Hurdcott is sentenced to death. While in prison Consuelo is anxious to visit him, but is refused admission. So that she may comfort the last moments of his life, she is married secretly to him in his cell and by this means is allowed to see him every day. Eventually Hurdcott is executed in public—a scene which is described

with great dramatic effect. At the end it transpires that Hurdcott, the shepherd's foster-son, was really a member of the royal house of Spain and a tombstone is erected setting out this fact, and also the fact that Consuelo died on the same day. It is a strange story, but admirably told.

Mr. John Ayscough.

THE LEGACY. By Mary S. Watts. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The dignity conferred on the Breen family by its possession of a bishop was barely sufficient to screen the manifest shortcomings of the relatives who depended on the charity of the Rev. Sylvanus. Letty Breen's childhood was a shabby genteel one, and her juvenile flirtation with the charwoman's boy raised the suspicion that she had inherited the disposition of a too gallant ancestress. Letty's development is described with very remarkable skill and restraint. Passion had little part in her nature, and on the occasion of her one temptation to be false to her colourless husband she was saved and punished by the horror of the accident that deprived him of his reason. It is a triumph for the author that Letty retains our sympathy to the end, when the charwoman's masterful son, now a millionaire, finds an ideal stepmother for his daughter in his old-time sweetheart. To outline the story is to give no idea of the unusual quality of the book. The Baroness Von Donhoff is only one of a large group of characters touched in with singular deftness and humour. The novel is full of quiet strength and deserves to find its way to a large circle of readers, who will have good reason to congratulate themselves on coming across a piece of work so strong and wholesome and entertaining. The history of the Breen family has more of the true Thackeray flavour than any recent novel we have read.

RED EVE. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If you are seeking a really exciting book, one that bristles with thrilling incidents and valorous deeds, you cannot do better than read Mr. Rider Haggard's "Red Eve." It is a story of the days of Edward III., written in Mr. Haggard's usual vigorous style—it fairly glows with life and colour. The heroine of the story is called Red Eve on account of the cloak she wears; she is a beautiful girl who loves and is loved by Hugh de Cressi, the poor youngest son of a merchant. But Sir Edmund Acour, a wealthy French knight, is also anxious to make her his wife, and the base way in which he brings about his desire, the dangers Hugh de Cressi faces in order to be revenged, and the crafty way in which Sir Edmund avoids meeting his enemy are matters of emotion and excitement that keep one wholly interested to the end. And behind all looms the mighty Murgh, the symbolical figure of Fate, who walks in the battlefield and treads the streets of the pest-stricken cities. This is a tale that lovers of picturesque romance and stirring adventure should by no means leave unread.

THE RED LANTERN. By Edith Wherry. 6s. (Lane.)

Miss Wherry's book represents, we feel sure, the fruit of many years' personal experience of China and its customs. It is, at any rate, a very considerable achievement, and one of which its author may well be proud. "The Red Lantern" purports to give some of the inner history of the Boxer movement, and though it may be difficult for the ordinary reader to discern where fiction ends and fact begins, there can be no question but that the book loses nothing in interest or readability on this account. Mahlee, the heroine, is the daughter of Sir Philip Sackville and a Chinese girl who has died soon after her birth. For the first sixteen years or so of her life, Mahlee has been brought up by her grandmother, but at this age a curious, but by no means unlikely, accident brings her to an American missionary institution in Peking. She is adopted as a daughter by the head of the "Ark of the Covenant" and his wife, and during this period of her life her Western instincts prevail. She even falls in love with Andrew Handel, an ascetic and very priggish young missionary, and it is largely through her accidental discovery of Handel's sense of the gulf that separates them that the Asiatic in her is once more brought to the surface. It is then that she falls completely under the influence of Sam Wang, Eurasian like herself and a Boxer leader. We must leave the reader to find out for himself how Mahlee is used by Sam Wang for his political purposes as a reincarnation of Whar Mou Lahn, the Jeanne d'Arc of China, and to what use she puts her power. It is enough to say that "The Red Lantern" will be found to be a highly interesting—even enthralling—treatment of very difficult subject-matter. Miss Wherry not only has something to say, but she possesses the power of saying it remarkably well.

THE CLAW. By Cynthia Stockley. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

In these days of many novels, when the plot of practically every work of fiction one opens seems to be little more than an old acquaintance in a new garb, it is quite refreshing to find a book which has a value and an interest absolutely apart from the merits of the story. "The Claw" certainly belongs to this class, for it gives by far the best picture we have ever had of life in the little Rhodesian townships during the days of the Matabele War. In a sense, the book is a page of history; at any rate, it contains a record which might otherwise have been lost, for the author is one of the very few white women who could have written it from personal experience, and, so far as the atmosphere is concerned, she has written it extremely well. The story hardly counts when compared with that same atmosphere; in fact, it is on a lower level altogether. The minor characters are, generally speaking, well drawn; they strike you at once as being what they are—absolutely true to life, or at least to the life of Rhodesia in those days; but the two principal figures are wearisome and unconvincing. The heroine reveals herself—the book is written in the first person—as selfish, ungrateful, vain, though the author probably will not share this view. Her treatment of her husband was as abominable as her infatuation for the hero was absurd. Major Kinsella, the hero, is a stage frontiersman of mildly blackguardly type, and it is quite distressing to find him reappearing towards the end of the story, after having been a prisoner in a cave in the Matoppos for two years. The husband, Maurice Stair, who dies conveniently on the last page, is really a far more decent person, despite his secret drinking and alleged cowardice. The amount of forbearance he showed towards his wife, who was always untrue to him in spirit, was little short of amazing. However, just as Major Kinsella's heroism fails to convince, so Stair's evil qualities seem unreal, especially in view of his sudden reformation. Still, after all the story itself is of secondary importance, and though its faults may mar, they certainly do not spoil one of the best novels of South African frontier life ever written.

The Bookman's Table.

THE WONDERFUL WEALD. By Arthur Beckett. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Beckett's "Wonderful Weald" is or is not—according to the way you take it—a guide book. To assist the reader who requires guiding he has supplied a large amount of information upon practically the whole of the unhackneyed portions of Sussex—a much larger subject than is at once apparent—some hints on the manner of his journey, and a capable index (but no map). It is all that a guide-book should be, indeed; but it is also a great deal more, for it has a sort of plot and a number of characters, and it is written in an altogether delightful manner. Mr. Beckett details his quest of the Crock of Gold which is to be found at the end of the rainbow. It took him far, and at the end he tells his Aminta: "'In spite of all the perils we have undergone we have not found the Crock of Gold.' 'You are wrong,' said she. 'We have found it, and, moreover, among the gold pieces that the Crock contains are the pleasures of the way, the delights of the mind, the health of the body, and not least the knowledge of the Wonderful Weald. In seeking these you have discovered romance and re-discovered your youth.'" We agree entirely with Aminta, and we further hope that on looking again into the Crock, Mr. Beckett will find the pieces of literary fame and material prosperity. He deserves to.

THE KENT COAST. By Arthur D. Lewis. With 39 Illustrations. 6s net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Arthur D. Lewis is obviously an interesting writer who has not solved the difficulty of writing a good topographical book. He has tastes of his own, but he is not unaware of public taste. Moreover, he has to write a book of over three hundred pages and that, it may be guessed, would be even more difficult to do had he to satisfy his own taste. In the first few pages we become aware of this difference of tastes. He asks leave to pause in Deptford to describe a shop in a row of little old shops off the High Street. "The shop," he says, "that fascinates me proclaims on a wooden facia that twists round the three sides of the window's summit, 'Best prices given for old metal: wholesale and retail rag-dealer.' The cave-like interior shows a roomful of weird blacknesses below the level of the street. Awesome feet-like things hang down from rafters—feet-like things stand up from tables and floor, like animals asleep on their backs. The whole shop is full of expression, though what it expresses I do not know." Mr. Lewis's next sentence is: "Deptford, of course, was once a place of great importance for shipbuilding." Either he was in too much of a hurry or he was too lazy to discover what those feet-like things expressed in the weird blacknesses of the shop. But it was his business to discover, or to try. Nevertheless, this failure and the words "of course" in the following sentence are unerringly indicative of the nature of his book. It is not a bad book. It is full of the kind of information which is usually expected in topographical books, and this is given for the most part in the form of quotations from old books. From time to time Mr. Lewis deviates to express himself in such a passage as that in "Margate," where he says: "The use of strange words gives great romance to acts and objects which but for their names would be prosaic enough. The Margate *hoy* of which Lamb wrote seems to me more romantic than the Margate steamer." These two portions of the book, the information and the opinions, do not mingle or co-operate. But Mr. Lewis has covered his ground like a man; he "went all round the coast on foot," and he has written at large upon everything from Deptford to the further side of Dungeness. The illustrations are from photographs.

Ramsgate Harbour.

From "The Kent Coast," by Arthur D. Lewis. (Fisher Unwin.)

NOTES FROM THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY MORTAL. Being a Record of Things Done, Seen and Heard at School, College, and in the World during the latter half of the Nineteenth Century. By A. G. C. Liddell, C.B. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

In his family connections, education, travels, positions, and experiences, Mr. Liddell's fortune has been anything but "ordinary," and a little of his volume serves to show that, intellectually and artistically, he himself is by no means the "ordinary mortal" he pretends to be. But his outlook and method of narration are for the most part undoubtedly ordinary—even in circumstances where it needs a certain art to remain "ordinary." It may indeed be urged on the other hand that no ordinary, but only an extraordinary, a great, a proud soul, could deal so lightly, so casually, so unemotionally with events and memories and individualities that would move or even thrill most other citizens. There may be a great art or a great pride underlying it all. Be that as it may, the method is the method of *Tit-Bits*, applied in the realms of society, politics, art, law, and literature by one who has had special opportunities for studying them from within. Mr. Liddell gives memories of great authors and artists and statesmen as one might give statistics about underground railways and taxi-cabs. Once at Farringford he saw Tennyson dancing in a stately, almost elephantine way, with a young damsel in a polka, and remarks, in his easy, off-hand style: "It was, no doubt, an interesting spectacle, to see an Olympian in white kid gloves partaking of the amusements of mankind." In less than half a page of plain, bald sentences he strings the literary confidences imparted to him by Matthew Arnold in a walk to St. James's Place. The last was that the poet had been more thanked for his poem on the death of the dog Geist

than for anything he ever wrote; he supposed it was because few persons liked verses and many liked dogs. The chief point we learn about Herbert Spencer is his theory, propounded at an interesting party, that pleasure was an excellent digestive. He himself could not digest the same food for many days; the monotony would affect his mind, and indeed he had heard of a man who went into a decline from eating nothing but mutton chops. Mr. Liddell saw much of many statesmen, Lords and Commoners, when (after depressing days at the Bar) he became Chief Clerk in the Crown Office, but he treats them as casually as cab-drivers or waiters. Mr. Liddell quotes liberally from his diary. Here, too, great men and things are treated tersely, unemotionally, "ordinarily." As an example:—

"*June* 21 [1890]. Monkshatch.—Some talk with old Mr. Watts. He said that he could not imagine persons being fond of any art without wanting to create in it themselves. He could never read poetry without its giving him a want to put his ideas in verse; which he could not do, as he had no gift of language. He said he felt very strongly that he had lived before."

Withal the many facts about many famous folk seem incidental. Mr. Liddell's main subject is himself: from his childhood, and his Eton and Balliol days to his sixtieth birthday. On the phases of this avowedly more intimate theme he is just as terse and candid and unemotional and exoteric.

SHE OF THE GREEN HAIR. By N. W. Byng. (Madgwick, Houlston & Co., Ltd.)

Those among us who remember gratefully a little book called "In a Street—in a Lane," will not require to read this notice; what was most remarkable in that small volume was a gay, ironic spirit which, unlike most other spirits, is not in much danger of evaporation from an author's second book. Now we have ascertained that the author is a woman. Will she take the mantle that was snatched away by Death so tragically from the shoulders of Monica Turnbull? Have we got in England some one who is worthy to translate the songs of Heine and who some day—*quien sabe*? In this book are no translations; on the contrary, it is in high degree original, more even than you would expect from the bizarre note of the title. A whole philosophy is expressed in terms of verse which may sound perilously ambitious and, to be quite candid, there are slips which a more careful artist would not make. No matter how profound the thought, it is impossible, apparently, for Miss Byng to silence her irony and her quaint humour. The second half of the book is devoted to a series of poems descriptive of "The Poet's House" and "The Poet's Garden." There are different moods for each room, and this is what a reasonable person will prefer in his companion. Death is crouching in the West Room:

"In horrid folds around him hung
His dusky cloak, and to his very feet
In gloomy lines it flowed.
Till suddenly this cloak he flung
Off from his shoulder, and with look so sweet
A rosy lining showed."

THE LAST EPISODE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Ernest Belfort Bax. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

It is no doubt true, as Mr. Bax says, that "of all the leading actors in the great drama of the French Revolution there is probably none less known to the average reader of history than the subject of the present volume." François Noel, or, as he is more usually known, Gracchus Babeuf, was the main actor in the curious "Conspiracy of the Equals" which may truly be said to mark the conclusion of the French Revolution. His was an unusual, but not an outstanding, personality, and the rising which he headed, though checked only upon the eve of success, comes as something of an anti-climax after the far more horribly stirring times of the Revolution proper. Nor can Babeuf be said to have originated any of his theories, save "his idea of seizing the political power by a *coup de main*, with a view to the immediate re-organisation of society on a communist basis." His movement is, nevertheless, of very considerable interest to students of modern Socialism. His ideals were, allowing for their eighteenth-century setting, very similar to those of Socialists of the present day, his motives were entirely disinterested, his courage beyond question, and, finally, he paid with his life for the cause that he had espoused. Mr. Bax's brief study is written in a manner which compels the reader's interest and attention.

SONGS FOR MUSIC. By Fred. E. Weatherly. (37, Woburn Square, W.C.)

The gift of clothing picturesque thought in a limited number of words, and casting it into the shape of a song, is not given to a great number of persons; but Mr. Weatherly undoubtedly possesses that gift. Whether his theme is sad or gay, dignified or fanciful, he seems to fling a magic net over it and draw it into shape—the shape is one of three or four verses, sometimes less, in which the tuneful lines contain the salient words, and the result is a picture, a message, a scene, a legend—what the poet wills—with a haunting suggestion of melody running through it. The slim volume before us contains nearly a hundred of these "Songs for Music," songs which set even the unmusical among us reading them in cadence. There is much variety in the volume—songs for the gay-hearted, for the lover, for the child even, are here. For ourselves the chief appeal has come from Mr. Weatherly's more sombre, forceful poems. "Rider of the Forest," the first in the book, is full of delicate strength and imagination presented in few words. "Mother o' my Heart" is another with a strong appeal in it, its success being gained by a dramatic simplicity. "Drums of the Desert" and "No More," too, have each this graver strength. The book is one of many charms, full of suggestion for those writers of songs who use notes instead of words for their work.

Notes on New Books.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

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